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PICTURESQUE SPAIN.

"AFRICA begins with the Pyrenees," says a French proverb; and certainly in crossing that mountain barrier one seems to have entered another continent rather than another country. Everything has a strange, half-oriental look. The blazing summer sun, the broad and arid plains, the dried-up river-beds,* and sterile and verdureless mountains, have all a strikingly African appearance. Indeed, it has been said that geologically Spain is an extension of the Sahara. The hedges of cactus and prickly pears, narrow streets, and flat-roofed, windowless Moorish houses, heighten the illusion. In the country is heard the creaking of the Moorish water-wheel, and in the hotels servants are summoned, as in the tales of the Arabian Nights, by the clapping of hands.

Everywhere the traveller is struck by the contrast between the past and present. Three hundred years ago the Spanish monarchy was the most powerful in the world. The sun never set upon her dominions, and the eastern and western hemispheres poured their wealth into her lap. Now decay and desolation are everywhere apparent. We are confronted with the evidences of a glorious past and an ignoble present. What their ancestors built the degenerate descendants do not even keep in repair.

* "What! has the river run away, too?" asked the French troops when they entered Madrid. "Pour it into the Manzanares, it has more need of it than I," said a Spanish youth, fainting at a bull-fight, in quaint parody on Sir Philip Sidney, when a cup of water was handed him.

What is the secret of this national decay? "Only one reply," says an intelligent tourist, "is possible. The iniquitous Inquisition crushed out all freedom alike of thought and action. Jew, Moor, and Protestant were sentenced to the flames." Poverty, ignorance, and superstition are the present characteristics of the mass of the people.

Yet no one can travel through this now degraded land without

A Spanish Gypsy.

stirrings of soul at its chivalric traditions, and its famous history. For eight hundred years it fought the battles of Christendom against the Moor. The story of its knightly champion, the Cid Campeador, still stirs the pulses, and the tender Moorish lays of love suffuse the eyes with tears. The Moorish architecture, with its graceful arabesques, horse-shoe arches, and fretted vaults, finds its culmination in the fairy loveliness of the Alhambra, the most exquisite ruin in Europe. The wonderful development

of Saracenic influence in Spain is one of the most striking events in history. When the rest of Europe was sunken in ignorance, fair and flourishing cities—Cordova, Granada, Seville, Segovia, Toledo—with their famous mosques, colleges, palaces, and castellated strongholds, attested the splendour of the brilliant but short-lived exotic Mahometan civilization of the land.

The pride and dignity and punctilious etiquette of the Spaniard has passed into a proverb. Even the railway porters address each other as "Your distinguished excellency," "Your honourable highness." The gloomy bigotry which seemed incarnated in Philip II., appears to brood over society, and nowhere is the antipathy to Protestantism more intense than in Spain.

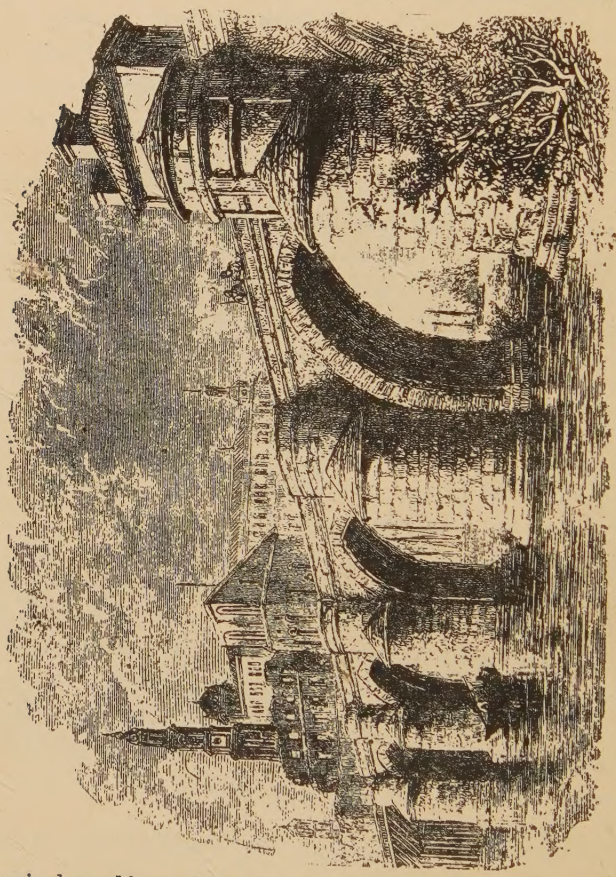
There are in Spain a great number of gypsies—that mysterious people whose origin and history are the standing puzzle of the ethnologist. They are the same clever, unscrupulous, thieving charlatans that they are elsewhere in Europe. George Borrows, the distinguished Bible Society agent in Spain, who shared for years the wandering life of the gypsies, has given an interesting account of their manners and customs. Many of their women, with their lithe figures, sloe-black eyes, and ivory-white teeth, are exceedingly beautiful. But the sinister qualities of the race betray themselves in the countenance of the men, as shown in the portrait of the chief, figured in our engraving.

Spanish towns have a very monotonous sameness. We have, therefore, selected as a type of the rest, one famous both in ancient and modern history, Zaragoza. The city of Zaragoza was named for Cæsar Augustus. You see how the change came; first Cæsar Augustus, then Cæsarea Augusta, then C-sara Agusta, and so Saragossa, as the English write it, or Zara-goza. The city has about 90,000 inhabitants, and is situated about 176 miles north-east of Madrid, the capital of Spain. Let us take a stroll over the quaint old town.

Here is the massive old stone bridge over the Ebro, the largest river in Spain, as yellow and as swift as the Tiber. Only four of the seven arches of the bridge are represented in the picture. It was built in 1437 A.D., fifty-five years before Columbus sailed from Southern Spain in search of a new world. That spire you see at the farther end of the bridge is part of La Seo, one of the two ancient cathedrals of which Zaragoza boasts. La Seo has stately gothic pillars within, and as the cathedral is

dark and lofty, it looks like a dim and solemn forest of majestic trees.

In four minutes' walk from La Seo, on the banks of the Ebro, we come to "La Catedral del Pilar," so called because it has in it an ugly little image of the Virgin Mary standing on a jasper pillar, and holding a child in her arms; which virgin, child, and pillar, the Catholics say, were brought from heaven by angels,



Bridge at Zaragoza.

the virgin herself coming with them to the Apostle James, who happened to be sleeping on this very spot. Of course she told St. James he must build a church there, and afterwards this great cathedral with eleven domes and two towers, said to be the largest in Spain, was built on the same spot. The domes are covered with green, yellow, white, and blue glazed tiles, which glitter in the sunlight with Oriental splendour.

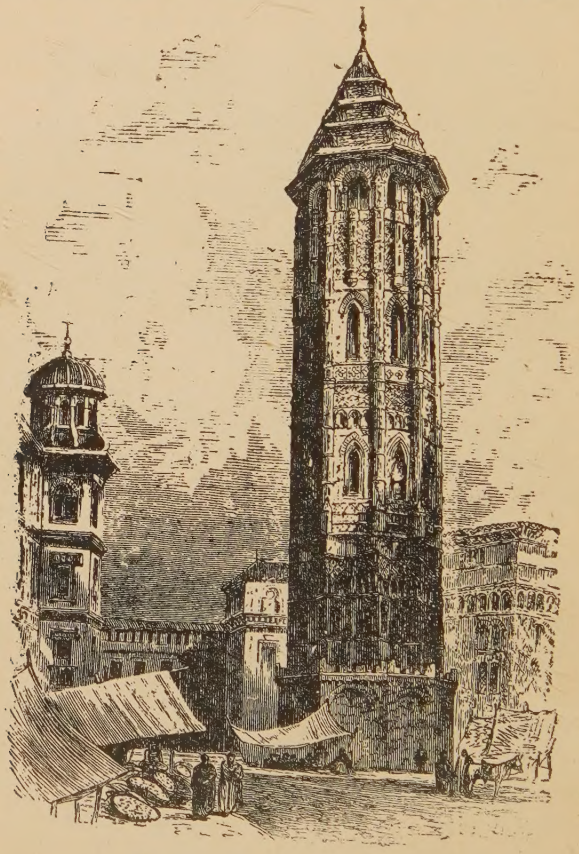
The image, surrounded by ever-burning lights, and enclosed in a magnificent shrine, is the greatest object of superstitious veneration in all Spain. Hundreds of girls in Spain are named "Pilar," from the "heaven-descended" image and pillar. Thousands of pilgrims come every year from all parts of the country, give their offerings of silver and gold, and kiss the small portion of the jasper pillar which is left exposed for the purpose. The jewellery and fancy shops of the city are full of wood, copper, brass, silver, and gold imitations of virgin and pillar. She is another Diana, and "Great is Diana of the Zaragozians," at least in the opinion of the silversmiths. The oil of the lamp kept burning day and night by the shrine of the virgin, is said to be miraculous. Cardinal Retz says that he saw here, in 1649, a man who had lost his leg, which grew again on being rubbed with this oil. There is a picture of this miracle in the cathedral, with an inscription giving all the circumstances. The 12th of October is the anniversary of the descent of the virgin, and on this day 50,000 pilgrims have been known to flock into Zaragoza. "God alone," says Pope Innocent III., "can count the miracles which are then performed here!" There is a fine organ in this cathedral, and some beautiful carving in wood and stone. It makes one sad to see so much art used to adorn so many falsehoods. We thank God that many thousands of the people now do not believe a word of them. Perhaps more than half confess that Protestantism is better than Romanism, though most of them do not have the courage to break away from the Church of their fathers, and openly join with us.

A few steps from the cathedral is the ancient leaning tower of Zaragoza, which, like the tower of Pisa, leans far out from the perpendicular. From its summit there is a fine view of the many-towered city, the olive and vine-clad plains around, the canal lined with poplars and willows, the winding Ebro, and the snow-crowned Pyrenees to the north.

Zaragoza has a street called St. Paul's, and on it stands a church of the same name. The church is not so imposing as St. Paul's of London, but it is much older. Its floor is about ten feet below the level of the street, the street having gradually filled up during the centuries that have passed since the church was built. On the great carved doors there are representations of Paul being let down in a basket from the wall of Damascus,

and of his falling from his horse when he heard the voice from heaven.

A few steps from here, on the same street, are the Protestant chapel and schools, in which I am sure the people have learned more about Christ and his apostles in three years than those who have gone to St. Paul's have learned in three centuries.



LEANING TOWER, ZARAGOZA.

The other day the priests brought out of St. Paul's church a large image of "St. Anthony," who is represented with pigs running down his legs. Forming a procession they marched with the image, carried on the shoulders of four men, to our chapel. Then halting and turning the back of Saint Anthony to the chapel in disdain, they set him down, while one of the priests kneeled on the sidewalk before the door and pronounced

an exorcism to frighten the people away from us and to drive out the evil spirits.

The church of Santa Engracia was begun in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and finished by Charles V. in 1507, one year after the death of Columbus. Above ground only the façade and side walls are now left standing. Over the great door are two arched rows of exquisite cherubs' heads and wings, of pure marble, and as perfect as the day they came from the sculptor's hands. They look the very picture of immortality smiling upon the ruins around them.

The city is surrounded by a wall, and one of the gates, the Portillo, was defended during the war with Napoleon, in 1808, by the famous "Maid of Zaragoza." Her name was Augustina, and she died in extreme old age in 1857. During the seige of Zaragoza by the French, in 1808 and 1809, when over 50,000 of the inhabitants perished, she distinguished herself by her heroic participation in the severest encounters with the enemy. She was called *la Artillera,* from having snatched a match from the hands of a dying gunner and discharged the piece at the invaders. For her services she was made a sub-lieutenant in the Spanish army, and has been immortalized in art and poetry.

The old castle of Zaragoza was built by Moorish kings, and it was afterwards the palace of the kings of Aragon. Here the good Queen Elizabeth of Hungary was born, in 1271. Ferdinand the Catholic afterwards gave it to the *Inquisition,* and its dungeons have held many a doomed victim of that terrible institution. One of its chambers has a gothic inscription bearing the memorable date 1492. The first gold brought from America was used by Ferdinand in gilding this room.

In many of the cities of Spain are remains of the old Roman occupation before or shortly after the time of Christ. At Segovia is the famous aqueduct shown in our frontispiece. In this aqueduct of Segovia, says an American missionary, I drank from the stream of limpid water still running along its summit, ninety-four feet above the valley, as it has now done for eighteen hundred years. This aqueduct was probably built by Vespasian, though the Segovians call it *el puente del diablo*—the work of the devil. The bases of the abutment are only eight feet wide. It is constructed of granite blocks, fitted with such accuracy that they are put together without mortar or cement of

any kind. Here we have combined grace and strength, solidity and softness, beauty and utility, the old giving life to the new. May the gospel streams flow as steadily during the coming centuries for the thirsty millions of Spain.

THE GRAND OAK TREE.

BY JOHN MACDONALD, ESQ.

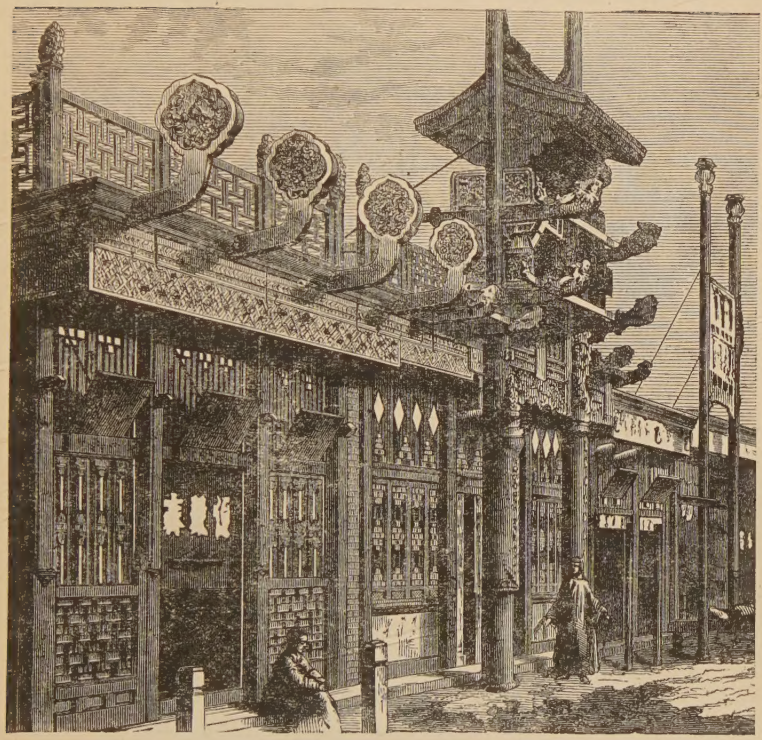
How nobly stands the grand oak tree
In the glorious summer time,
With its wealth of green and its wealth of shade,
The glory alike of hill or glade,
The grand oak tree in its prime.
Its wide-spread boughs and rugged form
Appear secure from the maddening storm ;
It seems it might time's hand defy—
A grand old tree not made to die.

Yes, nobly stands the grand oak tree
In its gorgeous leafy prime ;
But autumn comes ! In a sombre dress
It has clothed the tree ; and its loveliness
Has gone with the summer time.
How changed as seen in the morning grey,
Or the golden eve of an autumn day,
One feels it could not time defy,
That grand oak tree not made to die.

Yet nobly stands the grand oak tree,
Even in its mantle sere.
Hoar winter comes with his stormy blast,
And blows each leaf to the mouldering past.
How soon they disappear !
You ask, as you look at the old tree there,
With its branches leafless now and bare ;
Can aught on earth old time defy,
If this grand oak must fade and die ?

It is not dead ! the grand oak tree ;
Oh no ! for the quickening spring
Will cover all its branches o'er
With a verdure lovelier than before,
In the time of the blossoming ;
And a voice will come from every leaf,
To chide us for our unbelief,
To bid our faith behold on high
That home that waits us when we die.

THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.



MERCANTILE WAREHOUSE, PEKING.

IF all the people of all the world can be imagined as standing abreast, in a single line, so that they should just touch one another, that line would be about 500,000 miles long, long enough to reach around the earth twenty times. And if you could pass in front of that line and look on each face, at least one man in every four you would see would be a Chinaman.

There are eighteen provinces in China proper, each one being about as large as Great Britain, and yet it is very doubtful whether many of the boys and girls who have finished their geographies, know so much as the name of any one of these provinces. Americans talk much of their vast country, yet China, with its dependencies, has 300,000 more square miles

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

than are found in all their States and Territories, including Alaska. On each square mile in the United States there dwell, on an average, ten or eleven persons, while China has at least two hundred and fifty inhabitants for every one of her square miles.

There are from three to four hundred millions of souls in the empire, and though we think a good beginning has been made towards giving them the gospel of Jesus, and many thousands have already learned to love Him, there has not yet been sent from all Christian lands so much as one minister for each million of people. If Christians knew more about China and thought more about it, they would surely make more effort to give to its millions the gospel.

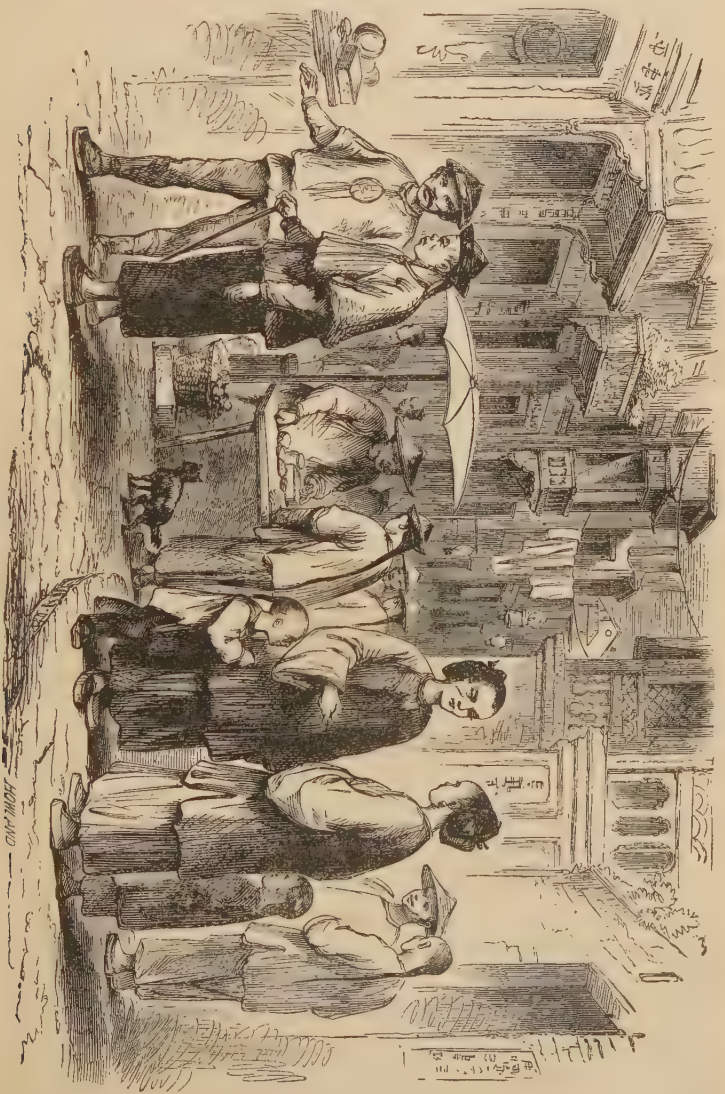
The Chinese have many names for the land they inhabit. It is from their name Tsin or Chin, that our word China comes. This is very like the name Sinim, by which it is supposed China is referred to in the Bible (Is. xlix. 12). They call it also "The Middle Kingdom," sometimes "The Central Flowery Kingdom," because they suppose it stands in the centre of the earth.

Peking, the capital of this great empire, is one of the largest cities in the world, having an estimated population of a million and a half. It is the seat of governmental administration, and of large commercial enterprises. The streets are generally unpaved, and according to the state of the weather, are either knee-deep in mud or covered with dust. The houses are chiefly of brick, one story high, and often embellished with grotesque carving, as shown in our first engraving, and with much brilliant painting and gilding.

The street scenes are generally of peculiar animation, from the number of stalls and street buyers and sellers. All manner of trades and industries are conducted *al fresco*, and the picturesque garb of the natives, which is fast becoming familiar in our Canadian cities, gives colour and variety to the scene.

The Great Wall was built upon the northern boundaries of the empire two hundred years before our Saviour came to earth. It was designed as a defence against the warlike Tartars, but is now quite useless. It runs from the sea along the northern border of the empire for 1,300 miles (some authorities say 1,500), passing through the valleys and over lofty mountain ranges. The wall varies from fifteen to thirty feet in height, and is about

as thick as it is high, while at intervals there are large square towers, some of them being fifty feet high. It is said that six horsemen could ride abreast on the top of the wall. What energy and patience the Chinese must have had to build this



STREET SCENE, PEKING.

enormous structure, which has lasted now for over two thousand years!

There are said to be three national religions in China. One

originated with Confucius, a sage who lived about six hundred years before Christ. All the Chinese reverence him, and yet a large portion of them follow another religion than the one he taught. Some are Taoists, and some are Buddhists. But while these three forms of religion are professed, the people care little about any one of them. Once or twice a year each Chinaman bows and worships heaven and earth, but every day of the year and in every house in the land, worship is offered to departed ancestors. The universal religion of China is the worship of ancestors. Each family keeps what are called ancestral tablets. These are boards, usually about twelve inches long by three wide, on which are written the name, rank, titles, birth and death days of each deceased member of the household. Every day, morning and evening, incense is burned and worship offered before these tablets.

One of the saddest things about the religions of China is that none of them seem to have it for their object to make men better. A priest once said to a missionary: "Your religion does not give what the people want. When they worship they wish to know whether they can grow rich and recover from disease. In the case of believing in Jesus, there are no benefits of this kind." The people have no idea of a religion whose aim is to free from sin and make men pure.

Though the Chinese are good scholars and have many books, they are as superstitious as the lowest savages. They believe in ghosts and evil spirits, and one of their singular notions is that these evil spirits go in straight lines, and hence they make their streets crooked, so as to confuse and keep off the bad spirits. They also believe in an oracle by which they can foretell their fate. While incense is burning and crackers are fired off, to keep the god awake and attentive, the inquirer shakes a cup in which are placed strips of wood with some written words upon them, and from the strips that fall upon the ground he learns his fate.

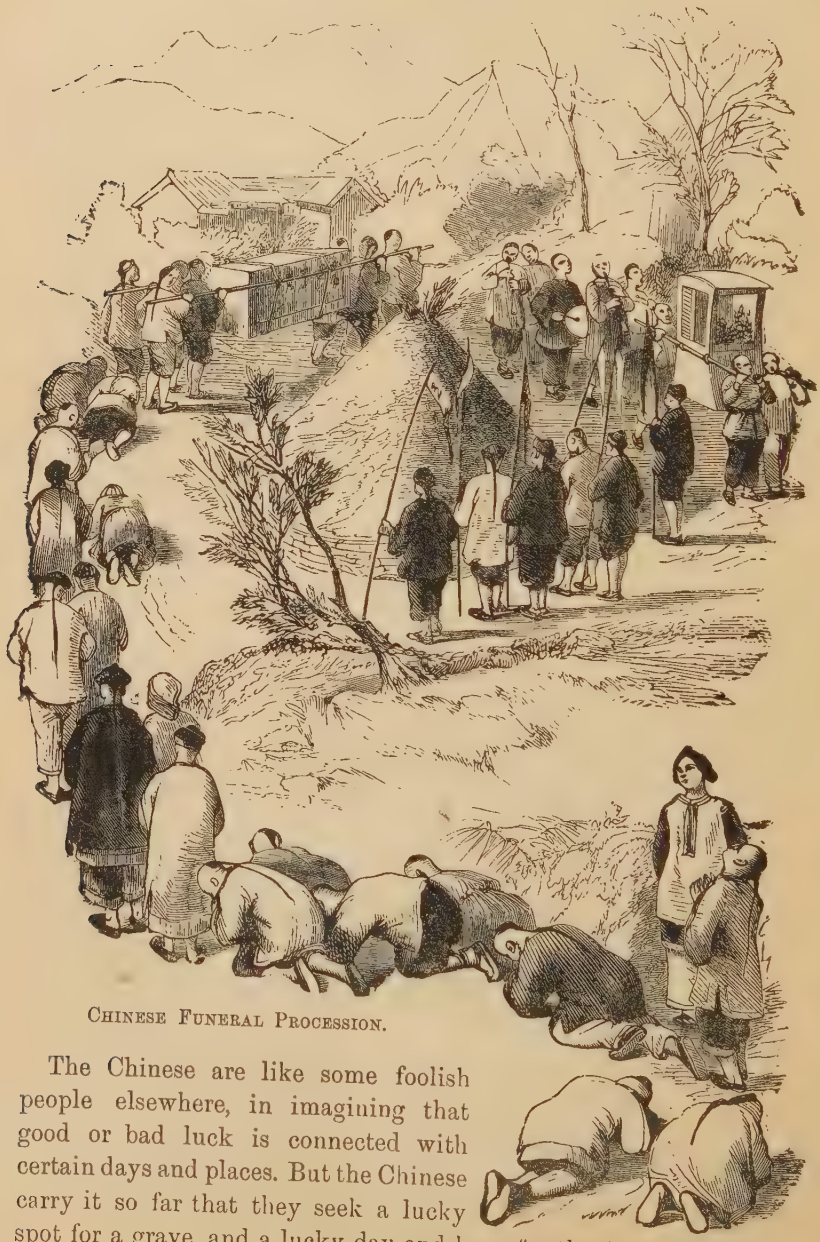
Another singular notion of the Chinese is that they can convey to any spirit, whether human or divine, whatever they may please, by simply burning the article, or an image of it, in the flames. Hence as they think that a friend, after his spirit leaves the body, will need just what he needed here, they burn paper images of these sbjects, and so fancy that they reach the departed

soul. A missionary describes a paper house which he once saw built for a person who had died. "It was about ten feet high and twelve deep. It contained a sleeping-room, library, reception room, hall, and treasury. It was furnished with paper chairs and tables. Boxes of paper money were carried in. There was a sedan-chair, with bearers, and also a boat and boatman, for the use of the deceased in the unseen world. A table spread with food was placed in front of the house." This whole paper establishment was suddenly set fire to, and in the midst of a fusilade of crackers it quickly vanished in the flames. What a pitiable notion this is as to what human souls will need in the future!

This idea that whatever is burned in the sacred flame is thus conveyed to unseen spirits, is applied to prayers. The Chinaman always writes his prayers and then burns them. So he fancies they go up to the god or spirit he would address. The priests fill up blank prayers, according to the wishes of their customers who come with their various wants. People come to buy prayers for themselves and for others, and having had them filled out, they go away to burn them.

Among other singular customs of the Chinese are those connected with the death and burial of people. When any man is supposed to be dying he is taken into the hall of his house and washed and dressed in his best clothes. Of course such treatment often hastens death. When he is fairly dead a priest is called, who exhorts the spirit to leave the body. Coins of gold or silver are put in the dead man's mouth. With these, it is supposed, he can pay his way in the other world. The coffin is usually all ready, since most Chinese make this provision for themselves long before they die. It is said that children often present their fathers and mothers with a coffin as a suitable birth-day gift when they have completed their sixty-first year. After the body has been closely sealed in the coffin, it is kept in the house for fifty days of mourning. During each of these days the family go into the street, and kneeling in front of the house they wail bitterly. All the relatives send offerings of food and money to be placed before the coffin for the use of the spirit which remains in the body. They imagine that each person has three souls, and on the twenty-first day of mourning

they raise huge paper birds on long poles, and these birds are supposed to carry away one of the souls to heaven.



CHINESE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

The Chinese are like some foolish people elsewhere, in imagining that good or bad luck is connected with certain days and places. But the Chinese carry it so far that they seek a lucky spot for a grave, and a lucky day and hour for the funeral. This

often takes a long while, and a burial has been known to be delayed many months till a really lucky time could be pitched upon. When the day comes the people gather at the beating of gongs, and the priest calls upon the remaining spirit to accompany the coffin to the tomb. The procession is then formed, of which we have an engraving on the opposite page, taken from a native picture. The ceremonies are almost endless, quite too many to describe here. Usually a band of musicians, or gong-beaters, goes first, then men with banners on which are inscribed the names and titles of the deceased and his ancestors. In the sedan chair which follows is placed the man's portrait. Then follows more gong-beaters, and near them a person who scatters on the ground paper money, representing gold and silver coins. This mock money is supposed to be for the hungry ghosts who are wandering through the air, and will annoy the departed soul unless they receive toll. Then comes the coffin, and after that the relatives all clad in white, the mourning colour in China.

On the arrival of the procession at the burial-place, a person who is supposed to be able to drive away evil spirits strikes each corner of the grave with a spear, and the priest calls upon the soul of the dead man to remain with his body in the tomb.

Is not all this a sad story of superstition? And the Chinese in some directions are as cruel as they are superstitious. If they are kind to their parents, they are inhuman to their children. The girls suffer most. Their feet are tightly bound to keep them small, in a way to give them constant pain. The wail of the poor feet-bound girls is heard far and wide in China. And in some provinces parents kill their daughters and nothing is thought of it. It is said that in the great city of Foochow, more than half of the families have destroyed one or more of their daughters.

What can save such a people but the gospel of Jesus? It is pleasant to close this sad story of wickedness and superstition by telling how the light is beginning to shine in the midst of the darkness. Thirty-five years ago no Protestant missionary was permitted to live within the bounds of China. Now twenty-six missionary societies are maintaining labourers, and 312 churches have been organized, with 13,035 members. Between forty and fifty thousand people have left their idol worship, and are hearing the gospel of Jesus.

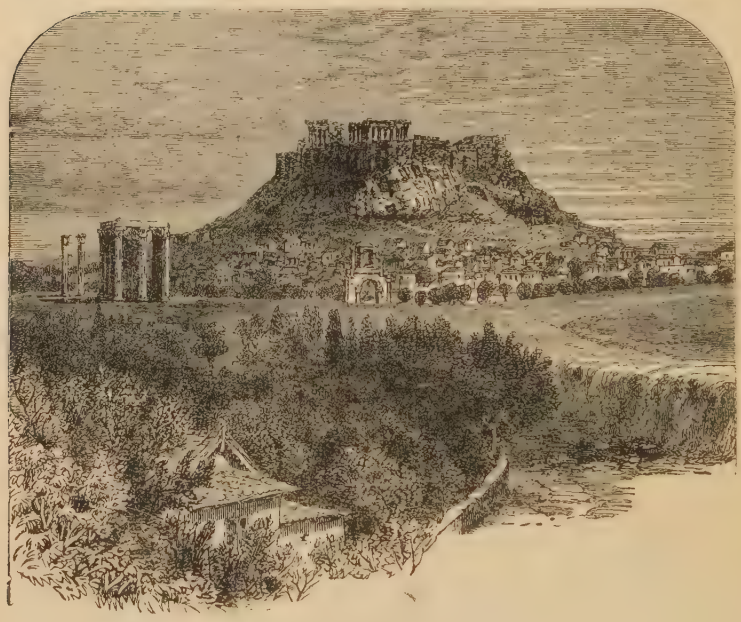
JOTTINGS IN THE EAST.

ATHENS.

BY THE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, B.D., LL.B.

"Athens, the eye of Greece, and mother of arts
And eloquence."

—*Paradise Regained.*



ATHENS.

In the direct course of steamers running from Constantinople to the south of Greece lies the Island of Syra. Possessing a fine harbour, it has become a favourite port for transhipment to the Piræus, Smyrna, and the Islands of the Ægean. A busy and thriving town of 20,000 inhabitants has, as a consequence, sprung up. Built upon the slope of the hill, it presents a fine appearance from the waters; and, as we sailed from the bay in the evening hour, the effect of the ranges of lights one above the other was very pretty.

Rising at five the next morning, I found our litttle steamer coasting along the romantic shores of Greece, having on our right

the long line of Surnium's lofty promontory. As the day dawned and the clouds and mountains of the west began to glow with ruddy light, the scene became increasingly grand. Soon we could discern over the level plains four or five miles from the shore the two hills at whose base cluster the white buildings of modern Athens. One was Lycabettus, twin-peaked; the other the far-famed Acropolis, crowned with the walls and pillars of the majestic Parthenon. It was with a thrill of pleasure that I caught sight for the first time of a scene so replete with historic interest, and for so many centuries the focus of the intellectual life of the world.

Passing the small harbour of Phalerum, we rounded a low promontory through a narrow opening into the harbour of the Piræus. It is more spacious than I expected to find it, and with its iron-clads and trading craft, and little boats plying to and fro, is a busy scene. The Piræus was at one time a place of importance, abounding in temples, porticoes, and other magnificent structures. For centuries it was the port and arsenal of Athens, and though five miles distant from it, might be considered as part of that city. Two long walls, built, the one by Themistocles, and the other by Pericles, connected it with the city. These were forty cubits in height, and wide enough at the top to admit of two waggons passing each other. The old substructures, twelve feet thick are still to be seen. Each wall was crested with a range of turrets, and the space between the walls, about thirty rods, became, after a time, filled with buildings, and crowded with merchants, labourers, and travellers. In after days Sylla destroyed the walls and burned the arsenals. In A.D. 1830, Piræus consisted of half a dozen fishermen's huts; to-day it is a busy growing town, with a population of nearly 30,000.

There is a railway connecting the two cities, the only railway, I believe, in Greece, but we preferred going up by carriage. The road lies along the course of the northern wall, and passes through vineyards, olive groves, and fields of grain—a dusty road over a level plain. On our way we stopped to water our horses at a little *cabaret*, with a large painted sign of two figures dressed in ancient armour, and bearing lance and shield. Keeping the memorable Parthenon ever in view, we became more and more interested as we drew nigh to the city, around which centered so many of our early classic studies. What a commingling of the

ancient and modern one finds! The streets are designated by classic names, such as Hermes, Æolus, and Athene. The shop signs are all printed in the well-known forms of the Greek alphabet. Ruins of ancient greatness may be discovered here and there. And yet to me, approaching it with ideas of its antiquity, and after having spent weeks in cities where everything seemed old and crumbling, it was disappointingly modern. The war of liberation left in 1830 a mere mass of ruins, but from that time it has rapidly grown, and now has a population of about 70,000. The streets are, many of them, wide, well-paved and lit with gas. The houses around the base of the Acropolis are mostly of an inferior sort, but elsewhere they are, generally speaking, handsome and well-built. The chief materials are brick and stone. In some cases these are plastered over, and occasionally tinted. The fronts are lofty and handsome, and the roofs flat.

The public buildings and some of the more pretentious private dwellings are of polished white marble, brought from the quarries of Pentelicus, whose debris, lying like snow on the slope of the mountain fifteen miles away, can be distinctly seen. The marble is so dazzlingly pure and sparkling, that it is a relief to the eye to have it stained, and one is not surprised that the ancient Greeks with their keenness for beauty, made free use of blue and crimson in decorating their marble halls.

Our hotel, one of a number corresponding with our large American caravansaries, stood near the great square at the head of which, on an elevated plateau, stands the large, plain, solid-looking palace of the king, surrounded in the rear by gardens and groves. Nearly every day a military band plays in the square, drawing together a large number of the fashionable idlers of the city. The king, we were told, makes himself quite at home amongst the people, and is as popular as could be reasonably expected among a people so intensely democratic in their ideas. The Athenians are a quick, lively, nervous sort of people, full of electricity. They are said to run too much to intellectual pursuits. They have no factories and no good system of roads for traffic; and so a great many hands are idle. As a result, like their ancestors, they spend a good deal of their time "in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing." (Acts 17 : 21). Another result is that party spirit runs very high, and is about as foolishly bitter and unjust as in western lands. Great attention is paid to the

education of the people. The common school system is established, and in the primary department is practically free. Three-fourths of the children between five and sixteen years of age, are at school. In some instances private liberality has wrought for the public good; and hence the Varvakion, or boys' high school, a gift from Sig. Barbakes, and the Arsakion, girls' high school, erected by Sig. Arsakes. In visiting these schools, it comes as a surprise to a visitor from western lands, to hear even little children reading from the ancient classics with a vivacity and readiness that might well excite the envy of many of our teachers and professors. The pronunciation of the language varies extensively from that which is taught in our schools, the tendency being more toward the soft Italian style. So much is this the case that a venerable ex-professor of Trinity College, Dublin, said to me that upon his return home, he would tell his old associates that through all their professional life they had been murdering the Greek tongue.

One of our visits was to the University of Athens. The building is one of large size, built of marble, and is furnished among other appliances with a library of 160,000 volumes. It has a staff of over sixty professors, and an attendance of about 1,500 students. The National Museum, stored as it is with relics of ancient art gathered from all parts of Greece, we found to be very interesting. More especially is this the case with the valuable collection of antiquities obtained by Mr. Schliemann from the tombs of Mycenæ. Swords and spear-heads, very much corroded, golden bowls very much dinted, articles of personal adornment and kitchen utensils, were among the interesting mementoes. Schliemann's marble house or palace is one of the finest in Athens. Not far away is a beautiful structure, spotless in its virgin purity and modeled after the Parthenon. It is a gift of the late Baron Sina, for the use of artists and men of letters, and has already cost a million and a half of dollars. It is constructed entirely of Pentelic marble, and its ceilings are stained with the most brilliant colours. Its front is adorned with ten lofty Ionic pillars, and a short distance from the building were two very lofty Corinthian columns to support colossal statutes of Minerva and Apollo that were being sculptured on the spot. Merely to get out the marble and bring it from the quarries cost 14,000 francs.

The dress of the people corresponds with that of other European cities; but occasionally one gets a glimpse of the picturesque native garb. Our engraving on page 217 gives some idea of the holiday attire of the women, although it does not show the long, pendent national cap, or the head-dress of silver coin, which is often the woman's only dower. The national attire of the men is much more varied, consisting as it does, of low shoes of coloured leather, with long, pointed, tasselled toes; long white, or blue stockings reaching above the knees, and ending in short, close-fitting breeches; a short skirt containing many and manifold yards of white linen, starched, puffed, and pleated in a most extraordinary and self-asserting fashion; above this a red girdle from which protrudes a whole armoury of pistols and knives; a short blue or black jacket, richly embroidered, with open sleeves, worn over a red waistcoat; a white embroidered shirt, and at the top of this singular array a red fez with drooping crown and tassel.

There are two or three old Greek chapels worth a passing visit, so small and yet complicated in their structure, that they would pass as artists' models. The Greek Church is, of course, predominant. One meets everywhere the lofty hats and dark flowing robes of its priests. It professes to be tolerant, but it has succeeded in closing all schools that are not under its pastoral supervision. Two missionaries from the American Presbyterian Church South, are, however, actively engaged in promoting the work of the Gospel, one of whom, an intelligent and well-educated young Southerner, gave us, on our return voyage, an interesting account of the difficulties and opposition they had to contend against.

The views around Athens are very pretty. The plain on which the city stands is triangular in shape, shut in on two sides by mountain ranges, and on the third by the blue waters of the sea. Within or adjacent to the city rise hills of various heights and shapes, from some of which very fine views can be obtained. Lycabettus, highest of all, rises at one end to a peak on which is built a small Greek chapel, and runs off in a sloping ridge to another lower peak. Climbing this rocky steep by narrow zig-zag paths on a bright warm afternoon, we spent a pleasant hour in determining the topography of the country, and in watching the play of the light through the columns of the Parthenon. Two insignificant streams flow past the city in a south-westerly

direction, the Ilissus on the east and south, and the Cephissus on the west; and yet both are made memorable in the history of philosophy; for at the head-waters of the former, amid gardens and shady groves, Aristotle founded the Lyceum; and on the lowlands that border the latter, Plato set up his Academy. The hills around this vast plain are destitute of trees, and when the full glare of the sun rests upon them, appear barren and unattractive; but in the early morning or evening light, when the sky above is filled with gold and crimson hues, these hills become the delight of the artist's eye, and set the imagination floating and soaring in dreams of beauty. Nowhere have I seen more beautiful sunsets than I beheld at Athens.

Some distance to the east of the Acropolis is the Stadium, a vast ampitheatre hollowed out of a hill, where centuries ago, as well as to-day, Athenian youths contended in the games of the arena. Tier above tier to the top of the hill once rose its marble seats, fitted to hold fifty thousand spectators; but now not one stone is left. Returning by the little bridge across the Ilissus, we came to the broad platform of the temple of Jupiter Olympus. Even above the glory of the Parthenon was that of this temple. Commenced by Peisistratus, it was not completed until the days of Hadrian, seven hundred years afterwards. In size and grandeur it was compared by Aristotle to the pyramids of Egypt. Its length was three hundred and fifty-four feet by one hundred and seventy-one in breadth; and its crowning glory was within, the great ivory and gold statue of Jupiter, a master-piece of Phidias. Of its one hundred and twenty-four fluted columns only sixteen remain, and one of these lies prostrate. Corinthian in style, and of costly marble, they rise to a height of sixty feet, and stand there mute witnesses to a glory that has become a mere name. Why so little left of this when of other buildings there is so much remaining? Because the others were consecrated in after days as Christian churches and this was not. So great is the preservative power of that which the Greeks called "foolishness."

Close by is the arch of Hadrian, marking the boundary between the Athens of the Roman Emperor and the more ancient one of Theseus. Thence we made our way to the Lantern of Demosthenes, so-called, a small circular portico or dome supported by six slim pillars, and rising to the height of twenty feet. After that we took a survey of the structure along

the southern base of the Acropolis. The first we came to was the Theatre of Bacchus still in a good state of preservation. The stage with its front carvings, the proscenium, the circular rows of seats ranged one above the other on the slope of the hill, still exist. On some of the front seats reserved for the priests can still be read the name of their occupants. On a projection of the rock above stand two Corinthian columns to commemorate Grecian victories. A little farther west we come to the remains of the temple of Æsculapius, excavated three years ago, and sacred forever to the devotees of the healing art. In the face of the cliff is a small cavern, in which bubbles up a little fountain. The channel by which it was brought into the temple can still be traced. Picking up a few chips of marble for some medical friends, I continued my course westward and entered the Theatre Odeum Herodes, a compact ampitheatre with lofty front, all in a good state of preservation. These theatres were in early days the educators of the people, where the ennobling sentiments of virtue and patriotism, as taught by their poets, thrilled the hearts of the ignoble with new ideas and aspirations, and where the writings of such men as Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides, classics in our time, were the common property of the multitude.

Immediately to the west of the Acropolis, separated by a small valley, stands the Areopagus, centre of judicial life of Athens. It is a narrow, irregular ridge of rock, not very high, running westward. Ascending at the eastern end by steps cut in the rock, we found ourselves on a small platform surrounded on three sides by rude seats cut in the rock. This is the famous seat of the judges, where men were put in the scales with life and death. The place where the prisoner stood is pointed out. In the midst of the gay and frivolous city stood this place of solemn awe, to lead men to higher thoughts than those of vice and pleasure. A long series of binding decisions in regard to law and religion had there been given, beginning with that trial of Mars that had given its name to the hill. On this spot, too, stood the great Apostle of the Gentiles and pleaded the cause of the Unknown God. Standing face to face with the world's subtlest intellects and with his eye resting upon some of the most magnificent of earthly temples, he declared that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands. Surrounded by costly objects of devotion in which the city gloried, he protested that they "ought

not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." How true and brave his words in the presence of that which was false and pernicious! Here too, tradition says, Socrates stood and defended the doctrine of the one God, and here received his sentence of death.

Near by is a chasm or cavern formed by the falling away of a portion of the rock; and here, close to the tribunal of justice stood the Temple of the Furies. At the other end of this memorable hill there was once a Temple of Mars.

Descending into the grass-covered valley on the south, we stood in the old *agora*, or market-place, once filled with a busy throng and adorned with statues of their gods and heroes, but now a desolate common. West of that we ascended the Pnyx, the old place of the people's parliament. Elevated above a sloping plateau which was large enough to hold an audience of several thousand, is a square stone platform, where, doubtless, many a time the witchery and power of the orator had swayed the multitude. A little farther up the hill is another plateau and another platform. On such a spot as this Demosthenes had "fulmined over Greece to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne," and with vehement words had aroused the spirit of the Athenians against the plottings and encroachments of Philip; and here the warning and appealing cries of patriotism were often heard. Never was there a spot better fitted to arouse the enthusiasm of both speaker and people. All around is spread some of the loveliest scenery in the world. Over yonder sparkle the blue waters of Salamis, and beyond that mountain ridge is Marathon, the Trafalgar and Waterloo of ancient times. In front, not far away stands the temple which commemorates the victories of Theseus and Hercules, those hero-gods of early times. Westward were the groves dear to Plato, and eastward the Lyceum of Aristotle. At their feet was the Agora, centre of a world's trade, and filled with master-pieces of art, cherishing the memory of virtue and patriotism. Beyond it was the august tribunal of justice; and, close by, lifted in grandeur and sublimity above, the Acropolis, at once a citadel and a shrine, crowned with its noble Parthenon, and resplendent with the lofty statue of the tutelary goddess Minerva. No wonder that amid such associations the hearts of men were stirred within them!

Leaving this hill we ascended the more lofty one of the

Museum, now called Philopappas, On its summit is a monument of peculiar shape, bearing an inscription to Antiochus IV., as one who dearly loved his father. It was the evening hour, and as we sat on the hill-top, what with the beauty and glory of the setting sun, the flaming clouds, the mellow light bathing the marble Parthenon in a sea of subdued splendour, and the ever-deepening blue and purple shadows on the hills, together with the memories that cluster around those hills and plains, the impressions we felt were indescribable. At the bottom of this hill are three small caverns called the Prison of Socrates.

The Temple of Theseus, one of the oldest, is at the same time one of the best preserved of the ancient public buildings. Built by Cymon, son of Miltiades, to receive the remains of Theseus, it was, in latter days, used as a Christian church, and is now kept as a public museum. It is surrounded by thirty-four Doric columns and is adorned with figures representing the exploits of Theseus and Hercules. Thence we went to the Gymnasium of Ptolemy, whose foundations alone remain. In the midst of modern houses we found a gate to the new Agora, lofty and well-built, and in a good state of preservation. Close by is a stone monument or sign-board having inscribed upon it the ancient market by-laws. A little farther on we came to a long wall of the Stoa of Hadrian, now used as a market or bazaar.

Thence we went to the Temple of the Winds, a small octagonal building with figures under the eaves to represent the eight winds. Inside are the remains of old water-clocks. There was an opening for such a temple if the wind often raises as much dust as it did the day we were there.

More than once I visited the old cemetery that has been excavated during the last few years. Many of the old tomb-stones are still standing, with their inscriptions quite distinct. Some of the figures cut upon them, in high relief, are very beautiful and expressive. Most memorable are those assigned to Pythagoras and Pericles. Passing by the place of tombs we came to the Botanical Garden, where we spent a short time inspecting its floral beauties, and listening to the voice of its nightingales. Continuing in the same course we found ourselves in the old Sacred Way, by which the stately processions used to pass from the city to offer worship at the shrine of Ceres, at Eleusis. This celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries was the most solemn and

sacred of all the festivals of the Greeks. About half-way to Eleusis we passed through a narrow defile between limestone cliffs, where once grew the groves of Daphne, and where is still cherished the laurel sacred to her memory. Even now there remain a few relics of an old temple of Apollo; over its ruins was built a Christian church, some of whose mosaics of glass upon ground of gold, give no very high idea of early Christian art. The spot is occupied to-day by a small Greek monastery, which

Greek Woman.

distinguished itself against the Turks in the Greek struggle for liberty.

Farther on, our road wound for two or three miles around the shore of the Bay of Salamis. It was interesting to trace the course of the ancient naval combat by which Persian prestige was forever destroyed. The bay is completely land-locked by an island, and the entrance by which the mighty Persian fleet were enticed into the trap laid for them by Themistocles, is narrow and winding. The spot on which the throne of Xerxes was set up is still shown. Eleusis is a small village on the opposite side of the

bay, and in it are ruins of the ancient temples once so celebrated. Our drive through the classic region was very pleasant.

I have reserved an account of the Acropolis, which we visited again and again, to the last. It is the centre and boast of the city, and though the tides of generations and the conflicts of armies have chafed around it, as the restless sea about some lofty crag, yet it has changed but little since in the splendid era of Pericles it was crowned with the noble Parthenon, product of the genius of Ictinus. The hill rises with perpendicular face to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, and has a summit nearly flat, one thousand feet long by five hundred wide. This hill became a museum of art, history, and religion. It was a fortress, a treasury, and a site for temples. Wealth and genius, patriotism and religion united to make it the home of the gods and the centre of the national glory.

Formerly a long flight of marble steps, broad and magnificent, led up the western end of the hill from the valley close to the Areopagus. While we were there this was being partially unearthed from the rubbish and debris that has long hidden it from sight. Our road wound across the western end to a temporary gate on the southern slope. Entering we stood before the Propylæa, the costly and magnificent entrance to the Acropolis, built about 437 B. C. It consisted of a costly central pediment supported by six fluted columns, twenty-nine feet high, of which only two now remain, and two wings, of which but one remains. This is supposed to be the Painted Porch of Pausanias, and is now used as a small museum of relics of ancient art. What a conglomeration there is in it, of heads, and feet, and arms, and cornices, all sadly chipped and marred! To the right on a projection stands a small but very graceful Temple of Victory, which takes the place of the ancient one demolished by the Turks. Passing under the Propylæa we found ourselves on a slope of rock, leading up to the noble Parthenon. The fragments of temples and statues which once lay thickly strewn over this platform are now gathered in museums and in large heaps, giving some idea of the immense treasures of art that were here in those days, "when," as a Roman satirist said, "it was easier to find a god than a man." Statues of Mercury and Diana, Venus and the Graces, heroes and statesmen, and mythological groups of Theseus contending with the Minotaur, Hercules strangling the serpents,

Minerva causing the olive to sprout, while Neptune raised the waves, with many others, were once found here.

But what shall I say of the Parthenon? It has been the theme of poets and travellers for generations, and it deserves all the praise that has been given it; but who can hope adequately to describe it? It is a poem in marble. Even in its partial ruin, with its roof gone, its ornamental and descriptive frieze removed to another clime, and some of its pillars fallen, it remains an object to excite the artist's admiration, the poet's enthusiasm and the sage's deepest moralizing. An oblong building two hundred and thirty-six feet in length by one hundred in width. It was surrounded by a peristyle of forty-eight marble columns, six feet in diameter, by thirty-four feet high. Erected in the proudest days of Athens to the honour of the virgin goddess, Minerva, it cost about three million dollars. On one pediment the sculptures represented the birth of the goddess, and on the other her memorable contest with Neptune. So in other groups were represented the Pan-Athenaic processions and the victories of her champions. These marbles are now in the British Museum, at London, but should be restored to their native place. Within stood her collossal statue of gold and ivory, rival of that of Jupiter before referred to. The whole structure is a marvel, and its witchery of beauty is felt no less to-day when its splendour is mellowed by time, and its pillars are dinted and walls crushed by modern artillery, than when, in all its stateliness and grandeur, it was thronged with eager, worshipping crowds, who saw in it the embodiment of their country's glory and the outward and visible sign of the beauty and perfection of their religion.

A few rods away stood the Erectheium, sacred to Minerva and Neptune. In the pavement of a porch we were shown the mark of Neptune's trident; and, in the building is growing a small olive tree, which our guide would fain have us believe is a sprout from that old original tree which the goddess herself planted, as heaven's greatest boon to man. The building's chief attractions to-day are its beautifnl Ionic columns, and its majestic and finely carved caryatides. Not far away is shown the platform of rock on which stood the famous brazen statue of Minerva, formed from the spoils taken from Persian hosts on the field of Marathon. Very proud and resplendent it was, brandishing spear and shield,

a landmark to sailors far out at sea, and a symbol of protection and victory to toiling ones on shore.

For hours we lingered amid these tokens of a mighty past, more and more growing into the spirit of the place until the time came to bid it a regretful adieu. At the end of the week we steamed out of the harbour of Piræus, and along the low shore, scanning the well-known scenes bathed in the yellow light of the setting sun, until Sunium's dark promontory once more hid them from our view.

I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.

BY ANNA LÆTITIA WARING.

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,—
He knows the ways He taketh,
And I shall walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

REV. GEORGE McDOUGALL.

BY THE REV. JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

Rev. George McDougall.

The history and achievements of this somewhat extraordinary man are of a character to show "how men are made," to illustrate the providence of God, to exemplify the genius of Methodism, and to teach other important lessons.

A sturdy Scot by the name of McDougall (a Highlander I should think, from his name), joins the royal navy early in this century, becomes a non-commissioned officer, and, among other services, performs naval duty upon the lakes on our frontier, during the war of 1812-15. After a time he marries, and, among

other children, has a son, born in Kingston during the year 1820, whom he calls George. When the country to the north of Lake Simcoe is opened for settlement, Mr. McDougall, senior, locates his family on the Penetanguishene Road, a few miles from where Barrie now flourishes, in which settlement they are brought up to honest toil, under the constant supervision of the excellent wife and mother, and are inured to the noblest of all secular callings, that of farming, while the father spends every summer in his old water-going profession, in the mercantile marine upon our Canadian lakes. The "landsharks," however, not leaving a large proportion of his earnings to go to the benefit of his family, his wife and children must learn all the more to help themselves. Happily religion comes to their solace.

Among the earliest new settlers, there is one of that useful class of Methodist agents called local preachers, one Peter White, who does not allow his neighbours to wholly lack the ministrations of the Word, and introduces among them the social means of grace peculiar to Methodism. In one of his prayer-meetings young George McDougall, then, perhaps, eighteen years of age, is awakened to think of the interests of his soul. At a meeting, for celebrating the centenary of Methodism in Barrie, during the autumn of 1839, the continued vitality of that great revival of earnest Christianity was demonstrated by the conscious conversion of this youthful seeker of salvation.

Barrie at that time was a sort of religious centre, where those of Methodist proclivities converged on occasions of great connexional importance, from the country round, each prominent neighbourhood from which they came being also furnished with its fortnightly sermon by the circuit preacher after the itinerants had duly entered upon the ground. One of the earliest of these, now retired and little known to this generation, was the famous Thomas McMullen, who established preaching in the house of the McDougalls. He found young George a member upon his arrival, in 1840, full of zeal, and ready to accompany the preacher to his appointments in the settlements around. Beyond this unusual zeal, which will always accompany a true call to preach, there were as yet no premonitions of a public career in the ministry, save that he was a frequent and earnest public advocate of temperance.

At the age when young aspirants to the ministry of this day

are eschewing matrimonial alliances, and devoting themselves to study at school and college, God was developing the qualities which afterwards made our subject so useful in his peculiar sphere by a very dissimilar process.

An enterprising young man by the name of Chantry, from an older settlement, came to the vicinity of Barrie, erected a milling establishment, and brought a strong-charactered sister to keep his house. In the absence of meetings of the Society of Friends, to which their parents belonged, they are attracted by the services of the demonstrative Methodists. On the eve of the new year, 1841, a party of young people from the south side of the Bay are drawn to one of those solemnizing, soul-saving meetings, too rare in this day, called a watch-night, held by preacher McMullen in the Barrie school-house. The power of the Lord was present to heal, and among the rest, Miss Chantry was converted. The fair intelligence, strong mind, Quaker solidity, and new-born Methodist zeal of this young woman, prepared her to be the trainer and helper of one destined to perform an important pioneering work. She and the pious stripling from the north of the Bay often meet, and a mutual attachment springs up between them.

She has several worthy suitors (so says the gossip of the time), one of whom has been long a faithful minister; but the ruddy face and raven curls of George McDougall seem to have made him personally pleasing to her, and he succeeded in winning the erstwhile Quakeress from all competitors. For him it was "an early marriage," but, in all respects, a fortunate one. The lady was in all particulars the complement of himself; her sense, solidity, and gifts prepared her to be a reliable counsellor and valuable friend.

I have not the data nor the space to follow them closely and minutely through their unofficial preparatory course; or to tell in what order he may have graduated through the lay offices of the Church. Suffice it to say, they maintained their personal piety, exhibited a well-ordered, rising family, staunchly adhered to their chosen Methodism, grew in acquaintance with its literature and enterprises, and threw themselves into the religious meetings and helped on with the evangelistic efforts of the Church wherever they resided, until, after the lapse of six or eight years, we find Mr. McDougall the partner in business of

Messrs. Frost and Neelands, in Owen Sound or its vicinity. The outside departments, including the sailing of a little mercantile craft on the Georgian Bay, which touched at various and distant places, including several settlements of Indians, perhaps both pagan and Christian (for, if I mistake not, theirs was partly a trade in furs), was entrusted to their junior partner, George McDougall. His familiarity with frontier life, his inherited sailor proclivities, and more or less acquaintance with Indian habits, if not language, from the first adapted him to such enterprises. This kind of knowledge was no doubt increased by these trading visits. And the exercise of his religious gifts of prayer and exhortation in these seasons of contact developed a reciprocal regard between his own and the aboriginal mind, and pointed him out as "a chosen vessel to bear the name of Jesus to the Gentiles."

The venerable founder of Canadian Indian missions, Elder Case, hears of this promising neophyte; they form an acquaintance, and McDougall in a short time leaves his ship by the lake side for a short residence with the old Elder at Alderville, the Indian village, also spending several months at the adjacent Victoria College, to remedy early educational defects, and to gain better qualifications for the great work which seemed to be opening to his views. So satisfactory were his improvement and his special qualifications for this evangelistic work in the estimation of all who knew him, and especially in the opinion of Elder Case, that despite the incumbrance of a family (as it would have been usually considered), the Conference unhesitatingly received him on trial at its session in 1850, being then of the age when the Great Teacher and His forerunner entered respectively upon their public career, namely, thirty years; and he was appointed as the assistant of his venerable patron, Elder Case, in the Aldersville missionary circuit.

But at the end of one year he was considered qualified to go forth by himself into the mission field. Lake Huron engrossed his labour and care for the next two years (namely from 1851 to 1853), he receiving ordination the while at the Conference of 1852 for this special purpose. Garden River, at the upper extreme of the above-mentiomed lake, enjoyed the benefit of his zeal and enterprise for the next four years, that is to say, from 1853 to 1858, he having been received into full connexion in the

meanwhile. Then he goes to Rama for the next three years, which brings his history down to 1860.

The first decade of his missionary life showed him to be the man of appropriate qualities for his chosen work, namely, the union of untiring industry, ready resources, tact, and enterprise in enlarging and improving his fields of labour, while it authenticated him as a divinely commissioned herald of the Gospel by the seals he had received to his ministry. Had I the time to make the required research into records, and space to register the particulars illustrative of the truth of the statements I have made relative to his marked usefulness during the first ten years of his public missionary life, doubtless it would be interesting to all pious readers. They scarcely need, however, to be given; for have they not all been written in the published chronicles of our missionary doings, including the columns of the *Guardian*, and the pages of those most valuable "Missionary Notices," which were formerly issued, now replaced by the *Missionary Outlook*?

In 1860 an important crisis came in the history of the missions of central Methodism in the Hudson Bay District, creating a demand for a new chairman and a leader of energy to replace those who had been withdrawn, and to meet the openings presented and the exigencies which were arising in that far-off lone land; to lead, we might say, the "forlorn hope," composed of self-sacrificing and courageous men, who were "jeoparding their lives in the high places of the field."

He was appointed, as his personal charges, to such commanding positions as Norway House (three years), Victoria Lake (six years), and Edmonton House (two years), while his last appointment bore the elegant name of Belly River, in each of which he had to act as resident missionary, and otherwise as the superintendent of all the missions in his district. For the first fourteen years after his going out, that district comprised all the missions in the North-West Territory, a charge which entailed the most arduous toils and trials, as well as travels over "magnificent distances," subjecting him to perils by land and water, in frozen wastes and sultry glades, and among beasts of prey, and sometimes still more beastly men.

In 1868 the country had been so much replenished by increasing settlers, and the work had so extended itself, as to

necessitate the creation of two districts where there had been only one. The Saskatchewan District was formed, and McDougall was placed at its head; while the balance of his old district received the name of the Red River District, and he whom we now call Dr. Young was placed in charge of it. This comprised the eastern section of the old Hudson Bay District, now itself divided into two. Indeed, the area long superintended by McDougall now embraces four chairmen's districts. In his frontier command he remained until his lamented death, in 1876.

His duties, while within his mission bounds, entailed not only the proper ministerial work of teaching, preaching, praying, catechising, pastoral visiting, dispensing the ordinances; missionary, house, school, and church building; but also labours which involved the skill of axeman, the oxen and team driver in general, and the horse-breaker (catching and managing the mustang of the prairies), building temporary lodges, or sleeping on the ground in the snow without a lodge, and the shooting of buffalo and dressing them after they were slain.

But he had onerous duties outside of his missionary diocese. His obligations to his tawny clients, both as to spiritual and emporal interests, obliged him to take frequent journeys to all the eastern provinces of the Dominion of Canada. Nay, his journeying upon one occasion extended to Britain, embracing conferences with the Home Government and appeals to the British public. His visits to Canada embraced consultations with connexional authorities, and public pleadings in behalf of missions (their schools, churches, and projected benevolent institutions), and to confer with the Indian Department of the Dominion Government, whose confidence he largely enjoyed, and whose ameliorating measures in behalf of the original owners of the soil he efficiently assisted in carrying out.

During these years of most important activity, he established the character given by the venerable and Rev. Dr. Wood, in answer to inquiries made by the writer, in which the Doctor, to whom the draft of this sketch should have been assigned, was led to say in substance that "McDougall was devoted to his work; possessed of strong love for souls; absorbed in the welfare of the Indians; most unselfish; noble and generous; bold and unflinchingly courageous; had great powers of endurance; was firm in his friendships, and graphic in his written descrip-

tions, and very eloquent upon the platform. He was zealous and enterprising in enlarging the work, and his plans were generally marked by good practical sense. The officials of the Hudson Bay Company had unlimited confidence in him, and deservedly so."

The Indians had often been deceived and imposed upon, which has made them observably suspicious and slow to extend their confidence to any man, however promising; but I believe I am safe in saying that George McDougall ultimately triumphed over all suspicions, and was held to be in the highest degree trustworthy by all the tribes of the North-West, though often in conflict with each other.

It could not be expected that he possessed large or accurate scholarship, but constant reading, shrewd observation, the force of circumstances, his short sojourn at Cobourg, and the Conference course of study, had all conspired to educate him for his position. The first drafts of his manuscripts were not always correct, but he was a ready, clear, and convincing writer for all that. Whilst he knew how to rough it among Indians and *voyageurs* beyond the pale of civilization, he learned by intercourse with the intelligent and well-bred to deport himself with dignity in the drawing-rooms of the most highly cultivated. Not having received a methodical business education, no wonder if the matters he had in hand were managed after a method of his own; yet they were managed successfully. In a word, his friends only claim for him that he was a pioneer, a precursor, a voice crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye in the way of the Lord." And perhaps for that reason it was that after the ice was broken, and he had brought forward a son (John McDougall), favoured with the advantages of a liberal training, yet imbued with all his father's piety and zeal, who stood ready to "grasp his mantle when it fell," and to seize the standard he had held aloft when his grasp of it should be relinquished, that the all-wise Master saw fit to release him from his charge in the midst of his days, aged 56 years, and in the fullness of his strength. It would have been pitiful to have seen the once active George McDougall in a state of dotage and decrepitude. We should have lost the inspiration of his heroic and tragic death, meeting calmly, as he did, the King of Terrors all alone. I almost think that he ought to have been buried where he was found, like Sir

John Moore, with what might have been called his "martial cloak around him," and "left alone in his glory," while the winds of heaven would have howled his requiem. There ought, at least, to be a monument on that spot.

But prosaic people will want the details. They are best given in the words of his Conference obituary:—

"In January, 1876, the supplies running short with the mission family at Morleyville, there being no men to hire for the purpose, he and his son and nephew left home on a hunting expedition. On the 23rd of January, after a successful but laborious day's work, at nightfall they began to retrace their steps to the camp, and when within two miles of it, he left his son to hasten on the supper. By a mysterious Providence, never to be revealed in this life, he missed the camp and perished on the plains. On the thirteenth day the frozen body was found uninjured, as if laid out by loving hands for burial, and interred at Morleyville."

PREMONITORY.

We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be willing is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth? 'Tis creation
Groaning for its latter day.

Worlds are charging, Heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward for the right.
Up! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God.

—Bishop A. C. Coxe.

WESLEY AND HIS LITERATURE.*

BY THE LATE REV. W. M. PUNSHON, LL.D.

In a work professing to bring out all the aspects of Wesley's many-sided life, his use of the Press and his voluminous contributions to the literature of his age must not be forgotten. In a brief Paper upon this subject it should be premised that he was not by choice an author. The all-pervading consecration of his days to his life-work of evangelism prevented his adoption of literature as a profession, and deprived him both of the leisure and of the will to graduate among the prize-men of letters. All he wrote was subordinate to his supreme design, and not a little of it was wrung from him by the necessities, controversial or otherwise, which arose in the progress of his work. Still, impressed as he was that God had sent him on a mission of testimony, and casting about for all possible means of usefulness, he could not overlook the Press—that mighty agent, which moulds for weal or woe, so large a portion of mankind.

It is not, therefore, surprising that he began early to write, and compile, in order that he might at once enlarge the constituency to whom he might speak about the things of God, and secure that permanent influence by which printing perpetuates mind, and by which the appeal or entreaty goes plaintively pleading on long after the living voice is hushed in the silence of the grave.

There was something in the state of things around him which operated as a restraint in this regard. England in the reign of the first two Georges, had fallen into a sad state of religious degeneracy. If it be true that the literature of any age is the mirror in which the spirit of the age is reflected, the image presented by the early Georgian era is "not beautiful exceedingly." Pope's pantheism divided the fashionable world with the bolder infidelity of Bolingbroke. The loose wit of Congreve was said to be "the only prop of the declining stage." Smollett and Fielding were the stars in the firmament of fiction; and of literary

* Very slightly abridged from *The Wesley Memorial Volume.* New York: Phillips & Hunt, 1881. Dr. Punshon cheerfully acknowledges his indebtedness to a series of articles on *Wesley's Use of the Press*, from the pen of the late Rev. S. Romilly Hall.

divines the most conspicuous were Swift and Sterne. Young wrote his "Night Thoughts" about the same time, but his life was not equal to his poetry. He who sang with rapture the glories of heaven, had a passion for the amusements of earth; and he exhibited "the prose of piety," which he reprobates, by his undignified applications for preferment—applications so persistent as to elicit from Archbishop Secker the rebuke, that "his fortune and reputation raised him above the need of advancement, and his sentiments surely above any very great desire for it." The literature of the Churches, properly so-called, was, in some aspects, equally degenerate. It was a literature of masculine thought, of consummate ability, of immense erudition, and of scholarly and critical taste. To this the names of Warburton, Jortin, Waterland, and, especially, Butler, bear sufficient witness. But while there was much light there was very little heat. Those were great hearts which were felt to throb in the works of Howe, of Barrow, and of the Puritans; but in their successors the heart-element was largely wanting. Spiritual religion the informing soul of Church literature, was hardly a matter of belief; indeed, in some cases it was a matter of derision. The doctrine of justification by faith, that *articulum stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*, was caricatured, as a doctrine against good works, in not a few of the treatises of the time. Lower motives were appealed to by popular divines. "Obedience, moderation in amusements, prayers, resignation, and the love of God," were enforced in sermons preached in St. Paul's and in Oxford, "on the ground of the reasonableness on which they rest, and the advantages which they secure." Shaftesbury's "Virtue its Own Reward" was thus echoed from metropolitan pulpits: "Virtue must be built upon interest; that is, our interest on the whole." There was, indeed, a narrowing of theological thought, until it was almost circumscribed by questions of evidence, and, as has been well said by Dr. Stoughton: "Miracles were appealed to as the seals of Christianity in the first century, but the work of the Holy Spirit upon the souls of men in the eighteenth was esteemed an idle dream."

It may well be conceived that upon a fervent soul like Wesley's, just awakened to the importance of spiritual things, and longing to employ every available resource in his Master's service, the sense of the influence of the Press, and the conviction that it was being abused, or at best worked for inferior uses,

would be an obligation to labour for its rescue, and for the supreme devotion to the cause of Christ. The singleness of his aim in authorship is a marked characteristic. He wrote neither for fame nor emolument, but solely to do good. The *rationale* of his life may be given in his own remarkable words: "To candid, reasonable men, I am not afraid to lay open what have been the inmost thoughts of my heart. I have thought I am a creature of a day, pass through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God and returning to God; just hovering over the great gulf, till a few moments hence, no more seen, I drop into an unchangeable eternity."

Thus consecrated, he desired to attain and utilize all knowledge, and he adds: "What I thus learn that I teach." The same spirit led him to be independent of any affectation whether of subject or style; of set purpose, he cultivated plainness, "using words easy to be understood." "If I observe any stiff expression, I throw it out neck and shoulders." "I could even now [in his old age] write as floridly and as rhetorically as the renowned Dr. B——; but I dare not, because I seek the honour that cometh from God only. I dare no more write in a fine style than wear a fine coat. But were it otherwise, had I time to spare—I should still write just as I do." Whether this estimate of his own power to rival Blair or Massillon be correct or not (and diversity of opinion is not treason), the complete subordination of the scholar and the critic, of the man of culture and the man of taste, to the one purpose of extensive usefulness cannot fail to win the admiration of right-thinking minds; displaying, as it does, the heroism of self-abnegation which could mark only one of the highest styles of men. Dr. Johnson says: "A voluntary descent from the dignity of science is, perhaps, the hardest lesson that humanity can teach." This voluntary descent John Wesley made, that he might benefit and bless the world. The first time that he ventured to print anything, in 1733, he published a "Collection of Forms of Prayer," for his pupils at the University, and for the poor who were visited by the early Methodists at Oxford. He wrote on, amidst incessant toil and travels, well-nigh without an interval, for more than fifty years; making a recreation and a privilege of his labours, until at eventide, almost with his dying breath, he lingered in the Beulah-

land to express a desire that his Sermon on "the Love of God should be scattered abroad and given to everybody."

Few but those who have studied the matter have any idea either of the number or the variety of Wesley's writings. To enumerate his works would be a tax even upon a book-worm's memory. Their titles would swell into a good-sized catalogue, and the variety of subjects touched upon in his original or selected volumes would almost suggest an encyclopædia. Reckoning his abridgments and compilations, more than two hundred volumes proceeded from his fertile pen. Grammars, exercises, dictionaries, compendiums, sermons and notes, a voluminous Christian library and a miscellaneous monthly magazine; tracts, addresses, answers, apologies; works polemical, classical, poetic, scientific, political, were poured forth in astonishing succession—not in learned leisure, but in the midst of the busiest life of the age; for the industrious writer was an intrepid evangelist and a wise administrator, a sagacious counsellor and a loving friend. He gave more advice than John Newton; wrote more letters than Horace Walpole; and managed—a wise and absolute ruler—the whole concern of a Society which grew in his lifetime to upwards of seventy thousand souls.

It is necessary, if we would rightly estimate Wesley's use of the Press, to remind ourselves that he wrote under none of those advantages on which authors of note and name float themselves now-a-days into renown. There was but a scanty literary appetite. The voracious love of books, which is characteristic of the present age, did not exist. Here and there were those prescient of his coming, who dreamed of a time when a cry should arise from the people, waxing louder and louder until it became as the plaint of a nation's prayer: "Give us knowledge or we die!" But these were the seers of their generation, and they were few. The masses had not awakened from the mental slumber of ages. The taste for reading had to be created and fed. Even if men had wished to make acquaintance with master-minds their thoughts were only given forth in costly volumes beyond the means of the poor. Though there had been some improvement since those days of famine—when 'a load of hay' was given 'for a chapter in James'—nothing, or but little, had been done to bring a wholesome literature within the reach of the hamlet as well as the hall. So far as we can ascertain, the first man to write for the million,

and to publish so cheaply as to make his work accessible, was John Wesley. Those who rejoice in the cheap press, in the cheap serial, in the science-made-easy, which, if he so choose, keep the workingman abreast of the highest thought and culture of the age, ought never to forget the deep debt of obligation which is owed to him who first ventured into what was then a hazardous and unprofitable field. The man who climbs, by a trodden road up the steeps of Parnassus, or drinks of the waters of Helicon, will surely think gratefully of him whose toil made the climbing easy, and cleared the pathway to the spring. The harvest-man who reaps amid the plenty and the singing, has not earned half the reward due to him, who, alone, beneath the gray wintry sky, went out for the scattering of the seed. We claim for John Wesley, and that beyond gainsaying, the gratitude of all lovers of human progress, if only for his free and generous use of the Press for the loving purpose which prompted him to cheapen his wealth of brain that others might share it, and for the forecasting sagacity which led him to imitate a system of popular instruction which, with all their advantages and with all their boast, the present race of authors have scarcely been able to improve.

In noticing a little more in detail the nature of John Wesley's works, we feel bewildered with their variety. He deals with almost every useful subject; and, considering his incessant public labours, the wonder cannot be repressed that he wrote so much and that he wrote, for the most part, so well. His writing of tracts—short essays, letters or treatises, which could be read without much expenditure of time—was a favourite occupation with him. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was in existence before he began, and one of the objects of its foundation was to disperse, at home and abroad, Bibles and tracts on religious subjects. Fifty years later another Society was started, with a similar object and name, but on a wider basis and with a freer sphere of action. It was not, however, until the close of the century that Tract Societies, as such, came into being; and though, strangely enough, the Jubilee Memorial of the Religious Tract Society makes no mention of his name, John Wesley was a diligent writer, and a systematic distributor of tracts fifty years before that Society was born.

In 1745, the year of the Stuart rebellion, he says: "We had,

within a short time, given away some thousands of little tracts among the common people; and it pleased God thereby to provoke others to jealousy, insomuch that the Lord Mayor had ordered a large quantity of papers dissuading from cursing and swearing, to be printed and distributed to the train-bands."

Wesley's Preachers were furnished with these short, plain messengers of mercy, as part of the equipment with which their saddle-bags were stored. Regarding "a great book," as he quaintly said, as "a great evil," he used these "small-arms with great effect and perseverance throughout his unusually lengthened life. Everything he wrote was practical and timely. Particular classes were particularly addressed: A Word to a Drunkard; to a Swearer; to a Sabbath-breaker; to a Street-walker; to a Condemned Malefactor; to a Smuggler; A Word to a Freeholder, just before the General Election; A Word to a Protestant, when Romish error was especially rampant and dangerous; Thoughts on the Earthquake at Lisbon, "directed, not as I designed at first, to the small vulgar, but the great, to the learned, rich, and honourable heathens, commonly called Christians." These show that while his quiver was full, his "arrows" were not pointless, and they were "sharp in the heart of the King's enemies" all over the land.

The circumstances under which some of the tracts were written invest them with much interest, while they illustrate the character of the man of one business, and show that one of his secrets of success was to be frugal of time as well as of words. He got wet through on a journey, and stayed at a halting-place to dry his clothes. "I took the opportunity," he says, "of writing a 'Word to a Freeholder.'" At an inn in Helvoetsluys, in Holland, detained by contrary winds, he "took the opportunity of writing a sermon for the magazine." After a rough journey of ninety miles in one day, he required rest. "I rested, and transcribed the 'Letter to Mr. Baily.'" "The tide was in," in Wales so that he could not pass over the sands. "I sat down in a little cottage for three or four hours and translated Aldrich's 'Logic.'" These are but samples of his redemption of time for high, practical uses, and of the conscientious generosity with which he crowded his monuments for God's glory with works of usefulness and honour.

Of his poetical publications it is not needful to write at length.

They have spoken their own eulogy, and are still speaking it, in so many thousand hearts, that they need no elaborate praise. John Wesley is not credited by his critics with much imagination; but he had that even balance of the faculties from which imagination cannot be absent, though it may be chastened and controlled by others. He was wise enough to know that "verse may strike him who a sermon flies;" and that, as a ballad is said to have sung a monarch out of three kingdoms, the power of spiritual song has often been one of the essences of that "violence" which "the kingdom of heaven suffereth." Hence, he began early to print collections of hymns; the earliest known to have been compiled at Savannah, and published at Charlestown, during his stormy residence in Georgetown, and followed these at intervals, by poetical publications for the space of fifty years. Among these were "Moral and Sacred Poems;" "Hymns for Children;" "Hymns for the Use of Families;" "Epistles, Elegies, Funeral Hymns;" "Extracts from Herbert, and Milton, and Young;" "Hymns with Tunes Annexed;" and "Doctrinal Controversies Versified." The intensest pathos wailing forth in the "Cry of the Reprobate;" the most caustic sarcasm lurking in the "Hymns on God's Everlasting Love;" patrioism finding vent in "Song on the Occurrence of a Threatened Invasion." Wars, tumults, earthquakes, persecutions, birthdays, festivals, recreations, were all improved into verse. The summary will suffice to show the fertile variety of topics to which the sacred lyre was strung. Many of the verses were but of limited and temporary interest, but the supply for the service of song in the House of the Lord could not fail to present itself to the foresight of the great evangelist as a pressing Church necessity, which must be adequately met. Hymnology may be said almost to have had its rise, as a worthy provision for worship, with Watts and Wesley. Tate and Brady had been substituted for Sternhold and Hopkins; but, with a vigorous Church-life, these faint and fading echoes of the strains of the Hebrew Psalmist were felt to be inefficient. Isaac Watts first realized the need, and did much to supply it. Then Charles Wesley was raised up, endowed with poetic genius, and enlivened with a cheerful godliness which found themes for its loftiest exercise. The hymns of both, and all others that were deemed evangelical and worthy, were gathered by the taste and skill of John Wesley, and under

his prudent censorship, into a series of hymn-books such as the Church of Christ had never seen before. The most covetous seekers after fame need covet no higher than to have set forth lyrics like these, treasured in the hearts of multitudes as their happiest utterances of religious hope and joy, chasing anxiety from the brow of the troubled, giving glowing song in the night of weeping, and, in the case of many, gasped out with the failing breath as the last enemy fled beaten from the field.

His homiletic writings, consisting of some hundred and forty sermons, were carefully revised and prepared for the press in some of those quiet retreats where, as it would seem, mainly for this purpose, he snatched a brief holiday from perpetual toil and travel. In the retirement of Kingswood, or under the roof of the Perronets, or at Newington, or Lewisham, he transcribed his well-weighed words. He regarded himself pre-eminently as a Preacher: this was the work for which he was raised up of God, and to this all else was subordinated; but he wished a longer ministry than could be compassed in sixty years; and accordingly the truths which, when uttered on Kennington Common or in the Moorfields, had produced such marvellous effect, were reviewed and systematized, that they might preach in print to generations who lived too late to be subdued by the quiet earnestness of the speaker's voice. Wesley's sermons may be said to have been the earliest published system of experimental religion. The Press had been largely used for printing sermons before. Critical light had been let in upon obscure passages of Scripture; scholarly essays abounded; homiletic literature was rich in funeral sermons, the improvement of passing incidents, and the arguments for the external defence of the faith; but no such plain, clear, pungent, practical exhibition of the whole method of God's dealing with a sinner had ever enriched the literature of the English language. He was anointed to prophesy to a congregation of the dead, and he spake of the truths by which the dead can live with a prophet's singleness, self-unconsciousness and power.

His expository writings comprised "Notes" on the Old Testament and on the New. It could hardly be that he could overlook, in his search for useful methods of doing good, helps to Biblical interpretation and criticism. As in everything he wrote, the nature and limits of his work were defined by the needs and

leisure of those for whom he specially wrote. Hence, he announces his design to be: "Barely to assist those who fear God, in hearing and reading the Bible itself, by showing the natural sense of every part in as few and plain words as I can." Again: "I have endeavoured to make the "Notes" as short as possible, that the comment may not obscure or swallow up the text." Not only did he study the means of the poor who could not purchase elaborate commentaries, and the lack of culture of those who were not able to understand them; he wrote briefly and suggestively with an educational design. "It is no part of my design to save either learned or unlearned the trouble of thinking. If so, I might, perhaps, write folios, which usually overlay rather than help the thought. On the contrary, my intention is to make them think, and assist them in thinking." His "Notes on the Old Testament" are mainly an abridgment of Poole's "Annotations" and Matthew Henry's "Commentary," and are so condensed as greatly to detract from their value. The "Notes on the New Testament" were begun in the maturity of his power, on January the 6th, 1754. His health had partly broken down under his exhausting labours, and he was ordered to Hot Wells, Clifton. There he began his work—a work which, he says, should never have been attempted if he had not been "so ill as not to be able to travel or preach, and yet so well as to be able to read and write." Incidental references in his "Journals" show how painfully he toiled to elicit and express the true mind of the Spirit in the word. Doddridge's "Family Expositor" and Heylin's "Theological Lectures" were carefully read; all the passages compared with the original text—a task for which his own accurate knowledge of Greek eminently qualified him—and several improvements on the Revised Version were suggested which have found favour with competent critics. By far the most valuable help, however, in his work was furnished by the "Gnomon Novi Testamenti" of the celebrated John Albert Bengel. Wesley became interpenetrated with the spirit of Bengel's teaching, and it coloured his exposition. He was, indeed, the first to recognize the claims of the great German critic to the notice of the English theologians, as Bunsen and others have acknowledged. Five editions of the "Notes" were published in John Wesley's lifetime, and they largely contributed to maintain his early Preachers in the soundness of the faith. Hartwell Horne—no mean judge—gives high praise

to them as being always judicious, accurate, spiritual, terse, and impressive. By their incorporation into the trust-deeds of Methodist Chapels, in which they are referred to (along with certain sermons) as the authorized articles of standard belief, they have secured, so long as British law is respected, the doctrinal integrity of the English Methodist Church.

Wesley used the Press for educational purposes to a great extent. They utterly misconceive his character who suppose that he was an abettor or favourer of ignorance, or that he unduly cultivated the emotional part of the nature. Few men, in any age, have done more for the mental emancipation of their fellows. He was systematically giving both secular and Sabbath-school instruction to children in Savannah, when Robert Raikes was in his infancy. He had systematized education there before Bell and Lancaster were born. When his ministry was successful among the masses, if he found the people boors he did not leave them without the means of improvement, and was prodigal in endeavours for their benefit. Wesley had not the large advantage which association affords to philanthropists now. He was almost a single-handed worker. Publishers who had an eye to quick returns would hardly look at a series of educational works, so sparse and ill-prepared was the market for such literary wares. But Wesley was determined to send the schoolmaster abroad, trusting that, under the providence of God, he would gather his own scholars. He *would* uplift the masses, though they themselves were inert and even impatient of the experiment. Hence he prepared and published grammars in five languages: English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He printed also expurgated editions of the classics, which might be properly placed in the hands of ingenuous youth. "A Compendium of Logic," clear and admirable, also issued from his pen. Under the signature, "A Lover of Good English and Common Sense," he published the "Complete English Dictionary," which, in its way, is curious and valuable. An "N.B." is on the title-page to this effect, that "the author assures you he thinks this is the best English dictionary in the world." The preface is a literary curiosity, and is worth printing *in extenso* as a specimen of racy wit and modest assurance. Besides these grammars and this dictionary, Wesley ventured into the domain of the historian. He wrote a short Roman history, and a concise history of England in four volumes. He had many qualities

which fitted him for this particular work. A calm, judicial mind; a sensitive taste which could separate, almost, without an effort, the precious from the vile; a loyal love of constitutional government, as he understood it; and, above all, a reverent insight, which saw God moving in history to the working out of his own plans, whether by vessels of wrath or instruments of deliverance or mercy, are advantages not often found in combination in the same individual. Later in life he also published an Ecclesiastical History on the basis of Mosheim, correcting what he deemed erroneous, and appending a "Short History of the People called Methodists;" the more necessary as, in Maclaine's translation of Mosheim, Wesley and Whitefield figured in the list of heretics. Natural philosophy and electricity (the latter science at that time just passing out of the region of myth into the region of acknowledged discovery, and Franklin, its prophet, looked upon by the scientific world rather as a Pariah than a Brahmin) also engaged his attention, and he tried to popularize them. Fragments on ethical and literary subjects, on Memory, Taste, Genius, the Power of Music; remarks on recently-published works, or works of standard interest, all tending to familiarize the masses with elevating and improving subjects, proceeded at intervals from his diligent hand. Indeed, it may be fearlessly affirmed that in the forefront of those who deserve to be remembered as the educators of the race, his name should be recorded—a brave pioneer who ventured, axe in hand, to make a clearing in the forest, with no friends to cheer him on, and but for whose early and patient toil the highway to knowledge, upon which so many are easily and gladly walking, would have been delayed in its construction for years.

Connected with this use of the Press for educational purposes ought to be mentioned the powerful aid which his writings afforded to the creation of a healthy, public opinion on sanitary and social matters, and in reference to existing evils whose foulness was but half understood. While, as a practical philanthropist he had no superior, dispensing food, and help, and medicine, caring for the outcasts who sacrifice to gods which smite them; while Strangers' Friend Societies, dispensaries and orphan homes grew up around him—the comely expression of his goodness—he was directing, from his quiet study, the silent revolutions of opinion. His great, warm heart beat tenderly for suffer-

ing humanity; and against every evil which degraded the body, or dwarfed the mind, or cursed the soul, he wrote with warmth and freedom. He pitied the harlot, and pleaded for the down-trodden slave. He denounced, in ready and eloquent words, domestic slavery, cruel intemperance and other social ulcers which eat out the vigour of national life. His poltical economy, if not philosophically sound, was practically uplifting and charitable. No regard for class-interests was allowed to interfere with his own purpose of doing good and bettering the individual, the nation and the world. For the healing of the sick, he disregarded the prejudices of the faculty; and though wits make merry at his "Primitive Physic," no medical works of that day are more free from folly and empiricism. For the simplification of necessary legal documents, he wrote so as to incur the wrath of the lawyers, whose "villainous tautology" moved his righteous anger; and in Church matters he denounced pluralties and absenteeism as vigorously as the most trenchant Church reformer in the land. He cheered philanthropists, like Howard and Wilberforce, in their arduous work, and they blessed him for his loving words. There is scarcely an active form of charity now blessing mankind which he did not initiate or dream of; scarcely an acknowledged good which he did not strive to realize. In fact, he was far beyond his age, and his forecasting goodness projected itself, like a luminous shadow, upon the coming time.

Of Wesley's polemical writings it were not seemly, in an article like this, to speak at length. He was not naturally inclined to controversy, and personally was one of the most patient and forgiving of men. He framed his United Societies on the principle of comprehension; any could be Methodists who accepted the essentials of the Christian system and lived godly, peaceable lives; though he warred ceaselessly against sin, he was tolerant of intellectual error, except so far as it was connected with or tended to sin. In matters of mere opinion he displayed the broadest liberality, and avoided the too common mistake of making a man "an offender for a word." In comparatively early life he records that he spent "near ten minutes in controversy, which is more than I had done in public for months, perhaps years, before." Later he says: "I preach about eight hundred sermons in a year; and, taking one year with another, for twenty years past, I have not preached eight sermons upon the subject."

The reference is to mere opinions. He was not likely, therefore, needlessly to embroil himself, nor to enter upon controversy without constraint of overmastering motive, or that which seemed to him to be such. His first controversy was with his former friends, the Moravians, among whom he thought he discovered a dangerous mysticism in sentiment, and some unworthy license in practice; but the interest of this was limited, and it is now forgotten. The three great controversial subjects which engaged him were, first, to repel the slanders and correct the mistakes which were current about himself and his work. To this end he wrote his "Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion." These earnest and dignified defences deserve to be mentioned by the side of the "Apologies" of the early Church.

Wesley's second controversy gave rise to his largest and ablest contribution to controversial literature, his treatise on "Original Sin," in reply to Dr. John Taylor, an acute and eminent Unitarian Minister of Norwich. In his work he treats his opponent with uniform courtesy, while he freely handles, and does his best to demolish his scheme. Dr. Taylor had handled others, but to Wesley's treatise no reply was forthcoming. The third and most voluminous controversy in which Wesley engaged was the Calvinistic one, in which the Hills and Toplady on the one hand, and Wesley and Fletcher on the other, were doughty combatants for a series of years. The good men who tilted at each other's shields, sometimes with rude assaults, have long since met in the land where they learn war no more, and have doubtless seen eye to eye in the purged vision of the New Jerusalem.

For the purposes of this Paper, it need only be affirmed that Wesley did not wrangle about trifles. "Religious liberty, human depravity, justification by faith, sanctification by the Holy Spirit, universal redemption"—these were the truths which he explained with convincing clearness, and defended with indomitable energy, and with a temper which, if absolutely unruffled, rarely forgot the counsel, although terribly provoked to do so:

> "Be calm in arguing for fierceness makes
> Error a fault and truth discourtesy."

A large portion of Wesley's contributions to the literature of his time consisted of his abridgments of the works of other men. These number one hundred and seventeen, inclusive of the

Christian Library, which consists of fifty volumes. Perhaps a more unselfish boon was never given by any man in any land or age. It was a largeness of intellectual and spiritual wealth flung royally out for the masses, without thought of personal gain or grudge for personal trouble. Wesley's purpose was to bring to the notice and within the reach of his Societies and others the best works of the best minds on the best subjects. In this Christian Library the great Christian minds of the generations are brought together. Clement, Ignatius, and Polycarp; St. Ambrose, Arndt, and John Fox; Hall, Leighton, Patrick, and Tillotson, are parts of the renowned company. South, Cave, Manton, Cudworth, and Jeremy Taylor are in friendly companionship with Charnock, Howe, Flavel, Baxter, and Owen. Brainerd and Janeway lay bare their spiritual experience. Chief-Justice Hall and Young are pressed into the service, and authors from lands, such as Pascal, De Renty, and Bengel are naturalized for the same liberal and useful end. The experiment, as has been well said, "had never been attempted before, and has never been surpassed since."

His miscellaneous works were numerous, and so various as to defy classification. On whatever topic it seemed to him that the people needed guidance, he was ready to offer it; he provided for them instruction and counsel on the great problems of life and its more serious duties, and did not forget, either in his poetical selections or in "Henry, Earl of Moreland," to indulge them with morsels of lighter reading for their leisure hours.

All mention of the "Journals" has been reserved to the last. They must be studied by any who would see the man; they are his unconscious autobiography. His versatility, his industry, his benevolence; his patience under insult, his indifference to human honour, his single-mindedness, his continual waiting upon Providence, (which involved him in inconsistencies he was not careful to reconcile, but which gloriously vindicate the disinterestedness of his life), his culture, his courtesy, his combination of the instincts of a gentleman with the blunt honesty of a son of the soil, his true dignity, his womanly tenderness of feeling, his racy wit, his discriminating criticism, his power of speech, his power of silence: all the elements which go to make up the symmetry of a well-compacted character, if any want to find these, let them go, not to the pages of his biogra-

phers, who from various standpoints, and with much acuteness have told the story of his life, but let them gather what he was, and what the world owes to him, from these records, as he daily transcribed them, in which he has shown himself, as in a glass, with the self-unconsciousness and transparency which only the truly great can afford to feel. We need not anticipate the world's verdict. It has already been pronounced.

DR. PUNSHON'S LAST POEM.*

See God's witness unto men!
Faithful through all the earnest years,
As though, from old anointed seers,
One had been bid to earth again,
For ordered work among his peers.

Kindle as ye read the tale,
The thrilling tale of duty done,
Of Gospel triumphs nobly won
By Truth, almighty to prevail,—
By Love, unselfish as the sun.

They to holy missions born,
Who shed a bloom upon the days,
And work for Christ in loving ways;
For them the envious blasts of scorn
But scatter seeds of future praise.

Time the great avenger is
Of patient souls with lofty aim;
For whom the blind to-day hath blame,
The wiser morrows hoard the bliss,
And fill the ages with their name.

Who themselves for others give,
Need not to slander make reply,
Nor falter in their purpose high;
For God hath willed that they should live,
While all the proud self-seekers die.

* This beautiful poem was written by Dr. Punshon for the "Wesley Memorial Volume," recently published in New York by the Rev. J. O. A. Clark, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

True hearts wish no flattering songs;
They humbly bow in holier fane;
Men do not bless the clouds for rain.
The music of the lyre belongs
To the skilled hand which wakes the strain.

Praise we then *our God alone*
Who made His servant thus complete,
And pour we, in libation sweet,
Our wealth of spikenard,—each his own—
In tribute at the Master's feet.

MARCH 17th, 1879.

VALERIA,

THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CATACOMBS OF ROME AND THEIR TESTIMONY."

CHAPTER XXI.—A CRIME PREVENTED.

THE deadly malice of Fausta, Furca, and Naso towards the Empress Valeria, foiled in its attempt to invoke upon her the penalties of the edict against the Christians, sought, by secret means, to procure her death. Juba, the black slave, was heavily bribed to prepare some of her most subtle poisons and procure their administration. But here a difficulty presented itself, and it is a striking illustration of the corruption of the Empire and of the daily peril in which the inhabitants of the Imperial palace dwelt —a state of peril which finds its modern analogue only in the continual menace under which the Czar of all the Russias lives, with a sword of Damocles suspended by a single hair above his head. Such was the atmosphere of suspicion which pervaded the whole palace, such the dread of assassination or of poisoning, that trusty guards and officers swarmed in the ante-chambers and prevented access to the members of the Imperial family, except under the most rigid precautions of safety; and a special officer was appointed, whose duty, as his title of *Prægustator* implies, was to taste every kind of food or drink provided for the Imperial table. Regard for his personal safety was, of course, a guarantee that the utmost precautions were observed in preparing the daily food of the Imperial household. Juba in vain

attempted to bribe some of the kitchen scullions and cooks to mix with the savoury viands designed for the use of Valeria, who generally lunched in her private apartments, a potent poison. They accepted, indeed, her bribes, but prudently declined to carry out their part of the agreement, well knowing that she dare not venture to criminate herself by an open rupture with them.

At length she resolved on attempting a more subtle but less certain mode of administering a deadly drug. While in the service of a priest of Isis in Egypt, she had extorted or cajoled from an Abyssinian slave in his service certain dark secrets, learned it was said by the Queen of Sheba from Solomon, and handed down from age to age as the esoteric lore of the realm. One of these was the preparation of a volatile poison so subtle and powerful that its mere inhalation was of deadly potency. As a means of conveying this to her victim, and at the same time of disguising the pungent aromatic odour, a basket of flowers which she had plentifully sprinkled with the deadly poison was sent to the Empress. To make assurance doubly sure, she concealed among the flowers one of those beautiful but deadly asps, such as that from the bite of which the dusky Queen of Egypt, the wanton Cleopatra, died. This, for purposes connected with her nefarious arts, she had procured—as what evil thing could not be procured? —from the dealers in deadly drugs, philtres, and potions in the crowded Ghetto of Rome.

To ensure the conveyance of the deadly gift to the hands of Valeria herself, Juba invented the fiction that they were a thank-offering from the young Greek, Isidorus, to his Imperial patroness for favours received. With her characteristic cunning Juba had possessed herself of the secret of his services rendered to the Empress, and of the interest felt in him by her august mistress.

Valeria was in her *boudoir* with her favourite and now inseparable Callirhoë, as her tire woman, dressing her hair, when the fatal missive arrived. As Callirhoë received the basket from the hands of Juba, the eyes of the slave gleamed with the deadly hate of a basilisk, and she muttered as she turned away—

"May the curse of Isis rest on them both. My fine lady has driven black Juba from the tiring room of the Empress. May she now share her fate," and, like a sable Atropos, she glided from the chamber with stealthy and cat-like tread.

"Oh! what fresh and fragrant flowers," exclaimed the Empress

Valeria, as she bent over them, "see how the dew is yet fresh upon their petals." Here she raised the basket so as more fully to inhale their fragrance. At that moment the concealed and deadly asp whose dark green and glossy skin had prevented its detection among the acanthus and lily leaves, siezed, with his envenomed fang, the damask cheek of the fair Valeria, and for a moment clung firmly there.

"O God, save her!" exclaimed Callirhoë, who in a moment recognized the cruel aspic, of which, as a child, she had been often warned in her native Antioch, and with an eager gesture she flung the venomous reptile to the ground and crushed its head beneath her sandal's heel. On the quick instinct of the moment and without stopping to think of the consequences to herself, she threw her arms about her Imperial mistress' neck, and pressing her lips to her cheek, sucked the venom from the yet bleeding wound.

The cry of the Empress as the little serpent stung her cheek brought a swarm of attendants and slaves into the room, among them black Juba and the officer of the guard who was responsible for the Empress' safety. Valeria had fainted and lay pale as ashes on her couch, a crimson stream flowing from her cheek.

"Dear heart!" exclaimed Juba, with an ostentatious exhibition of well-feigned grief, "let her inhale this fragrant elixir. It is a potent restorative in such deadly faints," and she attempted to complete her desperate crime by thrusting the poisonous perfume under Valeria's nostrils.

"Who was last in the presence before this strange accident—if it be an accident—occurred?" demanded the officer.

"I and Juba, were the only ones," faltered Callirhoë, when a deathly pallor passed over her face, and with a convulsive shudder she fell writhing on the ground.

"You are under arrest," said the officer to Juba, and then to a soldier of the guard, "Go, seize and seal up her effects—everything she has; and you," turning to another, "send at once the court physician."

The attendants meanwhile were fanning and sprinkling with water the seemingly inanimate forms of the Empress and Callirhoë. When the physician came and felt the fluttering pulse and noted the dilated eyes of his patients, he pronounced it a case of acrid poisoning and promptly ordered antidotes. The Empress,

in a few days rallied and seemed little the worse beyond a strange pallor which overspread her features and an abnormal coldness, almost as of death, which pervaded her frame. From these she never fully recovered, but throughout her life was known in popular speech as "The White Lady."

Upon Callirhoë the effects of the poison were still more serious. By her prompt action in sucking the aspic virus from the envenomed wound, she had saved the life of her beloved mistress, but at the peril of her own. The venom coursed through her veins, kindling the fires of fever in her blood. Her dilated eyes shone with unusual brilliance; her speech was rapid; her manner urgent; and her emotions and expressions were characterized by a strange and unwonted intenseness. The physician in answer to the eager questioning of Valeria, gravely shook his head, and said that the case was one that baffled his skill—that cure there was none for the aspic's poison if absorbed into the system, although as it had not in this case been communicated directly to the blood, possibly the youth and vigour of the patient might overcome the toxic effect of the contagium—so he learnedly discoursed.

"My dear child, you have given your life for mine," exclaimed the Empress, throwing her arms around her late enfranchised slave, and bedewing her cheek with her tears.

"God grant it be so," said Callirhoë, with kindling eye. "I would gladly die to save you from a sorrow or a pain. I owe you more than life. I owe you liberty and a life more precious than my own."

"All that love and skill can do, dear heart, shall be done," said the Empress caressingly, "to preserve you to your new-found liberty, and to your sire."

"As God wills, dearest lady," answered Callirhoë, kissing her mistress' hand. "In His great love I live or die content. I bless Him every hour that He has permitted me to show in some weak way, the love I bear my best and dearest earthly friend."

And with such fond converse passed the hours of Valeria's convalescence, and of Callirhoë's deepening decline.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE STORM BURSTS.

The crafty Juba, when she found herself arrested in *flagrante delicto*—in the very act of her attempted crime—determined to use, if possible, the fiction she had employed with reference to Isidorus, as a means of escape from the very serious dilemma in which she was placed. It will be remembered that she had stated, in order to procure the acceptance of her fatal gift, that it was a thank-offering from the young Greek who had rendered such service to the Empress and Callirhoë. Happy if Valeria had remembered and practised the ancient adage, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" But suspicion was foreign to her generous nature, and even if the wise saw had occurred to her, she would have lightly laughed away its cynical suggestion.

When the treacherous slave was examined as to her share in the attempted crime, she stoutly adhered to her fictitious story, and protested that she knew nothing of the contents of the basket, but that she had received it from Isidorus, and had been well paid for conveying it to the Empress without suspicion of any sinster design.

The Greek, when charged with the crime of attempting to procure, by poison, the death of the Empress Valeria, manifested the greatest astonishment. Summoned before the Quæstor of the Palace, an officer of co-ordinate jurisdiction with the Prefect of the city, he stoutly protested his innocence. But all his protestations were regarded by that official, as only the very perfection of art—the well-feigned evasions of a mendacious Greek. And certainly appearances were very much against him. The Prefect Naso, now that he had extorted from him all the information he had to give, abandoned him as a worn-out tool and divulged to the Quæstor the damning fact that the Greek by a formal document had accused the Empress of treason against the State, and of conspiracy with the Christians—for so he represented the confessions which, by his diabolical arts, he had wrung from his unhappy victim. Confronted by this evidence Isidorus was dumb. He saw the trap into which he had been snared, and that by no efforts of his own could he extricate himself. He saw, too, the ruin he had brought upon his friends, for Naso had procured the immediate arrest of Adauctus, Aurelius, and Demetrius, the father of Callirhoë, and other Christians con-

nected with the Imperial household. Callirhoë herself was also placed under arrest, upon the monstrous accusation of conspiracy with Isidorus and Juba to procure the death of the Empress Valeria. One would have thought that her self-devotion and almost sacrifice of her life to save that of her mistress would have been a sufficient vindication from such a charge. But the unreasoning terror of the Emperors and the unreasoning hatred of all who bore the Christian name, fostered as these were by the machinations and evil suggestions of the Quæstor of the Palace, the Prefect of the city, the arch priest of Cybele, and the cruel, crafty Fausta, thirsty for the blood of her victim, rendered possible the acceptance of any charge, however improbable. "Any stick will do to beat a dog," and any accusation, however absurd, was considered available against the Christians.

Even Galerius who, left to himself, would, soldier-like, have braved any personal danger, completely lost his judgment at the peril menacing the Empress. The tortures of slaves and servants by the perverted tribunals, miscalled of justice, fomented by the cruel, crafty priests, and the eager greed of Prefect and Quæstor, caused an outburst of persecution against all who bore the Christian name. The estates of Adauctus, and Aurelius were expropriated by the persecutors, and as a consequence their late possessors were pre-judged to death. Valeria who would fain have interposed her protection, had suffered such a physical shock as to be incapable of exercising any authority or influence she might possess. And the Empress Prisca, less courageous in spirit, less beautiful in person, and less potent in influence, was completely cowed by the domineering violence of the Emperor Diocletian, who was quite beside himself at the conspiracy against the gods, and against the Imperial Household which he persuaded himself had been discovered.

"Madam," he replied, in answer to a weak remonstrance against the persecution, "was it not enough that our palace at Nicomedia was burned over our heads, that you must apologise for treason in our very household and the menace of our very person. No; the Christian superstition must be stamped out, and the worship of the gods maintained." *

Hence throughout the wide empire, in the sober language of

* These are the very words of the edict quoted in note to Chapter II.

history, "Edict followed edict, rising in regular gradations of angry barbarity. The whole clergy were declared enemies of the State; and bishops, presbyters, and deacons were crowded into the prisons intended for the basest malefactors"*—"an innumerable company," says the Christian bishop Eusebius, "so that there was no room left for those condemned for crime." "We saw with our own eyes," writes a contemporary historian, "our houses of worship thrown down, the sacred Scriptures committed to the flames, and the shepherds of the people become the sport of their enemies—scourged with rods, tormented with the rack and excruciating scrapings, in which some endured the most terrible death. Then men and women, with a certain divine and inexpressible alacrity rushed into the fire. The persecutors, constantly inventing new tortures, vied with one another as if there were prizes offered to him who should invent the greatest cruelties. The men bore fire, sword, and crucifixions, savage beasts, and the depths of the sea, the maiming of limbs and searing with red hot iron, digging out of the eyes and mutilations of the whole body, also hunger, the mines, and prison. The women also were strengthened by the Divine Word, so that some of them endured the same trials as the men, and bore away the same prize. It would exceed all powers of detail," he goes on, "to give an idea of the sufferings and tortures which the martyrs endured. And these things were done, not for a few days, but for a series of whole years. We ourselves," he adds, "have seen crowds of persons, some beheaded, some burned alive, in a single day, so that the murderous weapons were blunted and broken in pieces, and the executioners, weary with slaughter, were obliged to give over the work of blood."† And he goes on to describe deeds of shame and torture of which he was an eye-witness, which our pen refuses to record.

The enthusiasm for martyrdom prevailed at times almost like an epidemic. It was one of the most remarkable features of the ages of persecution. Notwithstanding the terrific tortures to which they were exposed, the zeal of the Christian heroes burned higher and brighter in the fiercest tempest of heathen rage. Age after age summoned the soldiers of the Cross to the conflict whose highest guerdon was death. They bound persecution as a wreath

* Milman, History of Christianity, Book II., Chapter ix.

† Eusebius' "Ecclesiastical History," Book VIII., Chaps. ii-xiv.

about their brows, and exulted in the "glorious infamy" of suffering for their Lord. The brand of shame became the badge of highest honour. Besides the joys of heaven they won imperishable fame on earth; and the memory of a humble slave was often haloed with a glory surpassing that of a Curtius or Horatius. The meanest hind was ennobled by the accolade of martyrdom to the loftiest peerage of the skies. His consecration of suffering was elevated to a sacrament, and called the baptism of fire or of blood.

Burning to obtain the prize, the impetuous candidates for death often pressed with eager haste to seize the palm of victory and the martyr's crown. They trod with joy the fiery path to glory, and went as gladly to the stake as to a marriage feast. "Their fetters," says Eusebius, "seemed like the golden ornaments of a bride."* They desired martyrdom more ardently than men afterward sought a bishopric.† They exulted amid their keenest pangs that they were counted worthy to suffer for their divine Master. "Let the ungulæ tear us," exclaims Tertullian;‡ "the crosses bear our weight, the flames envelope us, the sword divide our throats, the wild beasts spring upon us; the very posture of prayer is a preparation for every punishment." "These things," says St. Basil, "so far from being a terror, are rather a pleasure and a recreation to us."‖ "The tyrants were armed," says St. Chrysostom; "and the martyrs naked; yet they that were naked got the victory, and they that carried arms were vanquished."§ Strong in the assurance of immortality, they bade defiance to the sword.

Though weak in body they seemed clothed with vicarious strength, and confident that though "counted as sheep for the slaughter," naught could separate them from the love of Christ. Wrapped in their fiery vesture and shroud of flame, they yet exulted in their glorious victory. While the leaden hail fell on

* Hist. Eccles., v. 1.

† Multique avidius tum martyria gloriosis mortibus quærebantur quam nunc episcopatus pravis ambitionibus appetuntur.—Sulpic. Sever. Hist., lib. II.

‡ Apol. c. 30.

‖ Gregory Nazianzen. Orat. de Laud. Basil. See also the striking language of Ignatius. Euseb. Hist. Eccles. iii. 36.

§ Chrys. Hom. 74, de Martyr.

the mangled frame, and the eyes filmed with the shadows of death, the spirit was enbraved by the beatific vision of the opening heaven, and above the roar of the mob fell sweetly on the inner sense the assurance of eternal life. "No group, indeed, of Oceanides was there to console the Christian Prometheus; yet to his upturned eye countless angels were visible—their anthem swept solemnly to his ear—and the odours of an opening paradise filled the air. Though the dull ear of sense heard nothing, he could listen to the invisible Coryphæus as he invited him to heaven and promised him an eternal crown."* The names of the "great army of martyrs," though forgotten by men, are written in the Book of Life. "The Lord knoweth them that are His."

There is a record, traced on high,
That shall endure eternally;
The angel standing by God's throne
Treasures there each word and groan;
And not the martyr's speech alone,
But every wound is there depicted,
With every circumstance of pain—
The crimson stream, the gash inflicted—
And not a drop is shed in vain.†

This spirit of martyrdom was a new principle in society. It had no classical counterpart.‡ Socrates and Seneca suffered with fortitude, but not with faith. The loftiest pagan philosophy dwindled into insignificance before the sublimity of Christian hope. This looked beyond the shadows of time and the sordid cares of earth to the grandeur of the Infinite and the Eternal. The heroic deaths of the believers exhibited a spiritual power

* Kip, p. 88—from Maitland, p. 146. Sometimes the ardour for martyrdom rose into a passion. Eusebius says (Hist. Eccles., viii., 6) that in Nicomedia "Men and women with a certain divine and inexpressible alacrity rushed into the fire."

† Inscripta CHRISTO pagina immortalis est,
Excepit adstans angelus coram Deo.
Et quæ locutus martyr, et quæ pertulit:
Nec verbum solum disserentis condidit,
Omnis notata est sanguinis dimensio,
Quæ vis doloris, quive segmenti modus:
Guttam cruoris ille nullam perdidit.—*Peristeph.*

‡ The pagans called the martyrs *βιαθάνατοι*, or self-murderers.

mightier than the primal instincts of nature, the love of wife or child, or even of life itself. Like a solemn voice falling on the dull ear of mankind, these holy examples urged the inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And that voice awakened an echo in full many a heart. The martyrs made more converts by their deaths than in their lives. "Kill us, rack us, condemn us, grind us to powder," exclaims the intrepid Christian Apologist; "our numbers increase in proportion as you mow us down."* The earth was drunk with the blood of the saints, but still they multiplied and grew, gloriously illustrating the perennial truth—*Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesiæ.*

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

BY B. E. BULL, B.A.

In no part of Ireland will the student in search of the grand and picturesque receive more ample reward than in the south-western portion of the island. Lakes, which in romantic beauty vie with the boasted ones of Switzerland; mountains, that for sublime grandeur might proudly rear their majestic heads in rivalry with Scotia's own "Ben Lomond;" rivers and rippling streams whose sylvan charms are as deserving the homage of the poet's pen or the painter's brush, as the more favoured banks of the classic Tiber or the grand old Rhine, continually surprise and enchant the wanderer through these lovely counties.

But Killarney, the beautiful queen of the southern beauties, sits enthroned in rural verdure, and demands the homage of every pilgrim in search of the sublime and beautiful in nature. That homage would I pay, not by attempting to describe her enchanting loveliness, a task far beyond my humble power, but merely in offering a devout tribute at her feet in the shape of a brief outline of what I saw, and the impressions I experienced when wandering through her lovely dells, or skimming o'er her placid waters.

It was raining, of course, when we reached Killarney; in fact,

* Tertul., Apol., c. 50.

if my memory serves me, it rained every day we were in Ireland. I remember passing some remark in reference to the pluvial state of the weather to a Kilkenny native, who in a rich brogue replied: "Och, shure, yer honour wouldn't call that rain, it's only parspiration from the mountains." Killarney proper is a miserable town, noted for its uncleanliness, with a population of about 7,000. Its inhabitants gain rather a precarious livelihood from the thousands of visitors who annually flock to the beautiful lakes. Its streets are extremely dirty and very narrow, sufficiently wide, however, to accommodate the hundreds of youngsters who live, grow fat, and develop into Irish men and women on the public thoroughfare. The houses are chiefly built of small stones, plastered with mud, the majority of them very antiquated, and, of course, all of them most gloriously dirty. Here you see the Irishman in all his glory. Poor, so poor that the grim monster hunger is continually hovering around his doorstep, yet withal, happy as a lark—laughing, jovial—his ever ready wit continually boiling over with fun. Superstitious and bigoted, devoutly religious at church, yet swearing, drinking, and carousing whenever an opportunity offers; kind and generous towards his friends, yet vengeful and boiling over with bitter hatred towards his enemies, he presents an anomaly difficult to understand.

The far-famed and lovely Lakes of Killarney are three in number, styled respectively, the "Lower Lake," the middle, "Muckross," or "Tae Lake," and the "Upper Lake." The entire length of the three, from the extremity of the Lower to the head of the Upper Lake, is about eleven miles; and the breadth of the Lower, the largest, is about two and a half miles. The trip around them is circular. Starting from our hotel, we drove eleven miles, to the "Gap of Dunloe," then through the Gap on horseback, four miles, to the extremity of the Upper Lake, where our boats met us and conveyed us down the lakes home.

At 10 a.m. we jumped on board a jaunting car, and after a lovely drive, during which we passed several fine ruins of ancient strongholds, and some beautiful modern country-seats, we reached the entrance of the Gap. Here was a scene of the greatest confusion. We were at once surrounded by about twenty men and boys, mounted on the most dilapidated specimens of horseflesh I have ever had the misfortune to see—each offering the services

of the miserable rack of bones he called a horse, to convey us through the pass, and each expatiating loudly on the many excellent qualities of his own Bucephalus, and holding up those of his rivals to ridicule and contempt. In addition to these were females of all ages, many inviting us to partake of a nectar they called "mountain dew," being a mixture of goat's milk and whiskey, all begging, blarneying, and addressing us in tones cheerful or doleful, as best suited their purpose—that purpose, of course, being to catch a few pennies. Here is the mud and stone hovel of the grand-daughter of "beautiful Kate Kearney, who lived by the Lakes of Killarney," and who formerly inhabited the same cottage. Although the charms and beauty of the family have sadly degenerated, the potheen is still probably as good—if good it ever was—and the lineal descendant of the far-famed Kate dispenses, for a small remuneration, genuine "mountain dew," to the bibulistic tourist.

The Gap of Dunloe is a narrow, gloomy defile or pass, lying between the Reeks and Purple Mountains. On either hand the craggy cliffs, composed of huge masses of projecting rocks, overhang fearfully the narrow pathway, and at every step threaten with destruction the adventurous explorer of this desolate scene. These immense boulders are clothed with dark ivy, and adorned with luxuriant heather, while from their interstices shoot forth trees and shrubs. A small but rapid stream, called the Loe, traverses the whole distance, and expands at different points into five lakes. Into one of these lakes Saint Patrick cast the last Irish serpent, when—

> "He gave the snakes and toads a twist,
> And banished them forever."

Through the whole of this pass we were accompanied by about a dozen women and girls, with bare heads and bare feet, who kept us in constant roars of laughter with their sparkling mirth, pungent witticisms, and quick repartees. At length we reach an elevated point on the Purple Mountains, and suddenly there bursts on our enraptured gaze a lovely view of the Upper Lake, and the rich scenery in its neighbourhood. Beautiful, indeed, is the prospect before us. Rapidly descending a winding path, in a few minutes we are at a ruin called Lord Brandon's Cottage, where we dismiss our horses, thankful that their bones have not

collapsed during the journey. Here our boatmen met us, who had in the early morning been despatched from the hotel for that purpose.

The Upper Lake, on which we now embarked, is two and a half miles long by three-quarters of a mile broad. Its wild grandeur strikes the observer with feelings of awe and admiration. Perfectly distinct in the character of its scenery from that of the Middle and Lower Lake, it combines the softer beauties of wood and water with the stern sublimity of mountain scenery. The lofty Reeks—

> "Lift to the clouds their craggy heads on high,
> Crowned with tiaras fashioned in the sky;
> In verdure clad of soft etherial hue,
> The Purple Mountains rise in distant view
> With Dunloe's Gap."

Embosomed 'mid these majestic mountains, the lake appears to be completely land-locked. This mountain cincture imparts to the Upper Lake a solitary beauty and intensity of interest not to be found in either of the other lakes. Nature here sits in lonely and silent grandeur midst her primeval mountains. The very solitude and stillness seem to proclaim that here God sits enthroned in the majesty of His own works. Passing Arbutus Island, we enter the Long Range, a rapid stream three miles long, which carries the water of the Upper into the Middle Lake, when we come upon the Eagle's Nest—a rugged, cone-shaped mountain, 1,100 feet high, clad on its base with luxuriant verdure, but perfectly bald on its peak. Here the eagles have for centuries built their nests, hence its name. It is remarkable for its echo. A bugler, who always accompanies the parties, sounded a single note; the effect was wonderful—the solitary note rebounded from peak to peak, cliff to cliff, mountain to mountain, and finally died away in the distance with a soft, incomparable melody that challenges language to describe. Then he sounded a succession of notes. Instantly the mountains, like a huge orchestra, pealed forth. The numbers—

> "Now louder and yet louder rise,
> And fill with spreading sounds the skies,
> Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
> In broken air trembling the wild music floats,

Till by degrees remote and small,
The strains decay and melt away
In a dying, dying fall."

About a mile further down, our boatmen ship their oars, and we are shot like an arrow down the rapid current of the stream, under the old Wier Bridge, into the Middle, or Tae Lake. This lake is only about two miles long by one broad. The scenery is much similar to that of the Lower Lake. We, therefore, pass hastily through without comment, and enter the latter. The Lower Lake is the largest of the three, being five miles long by three broad, and studded with about thirty islands. It is noted for the glorious softness of its scenery, and is totally different in this respect from the Upper Lake. The one abounds in wild mountain grandeur, the other in a soft, bewildering flatness, very pleasing to the eye. The two largest of its islands are Ross and Innisfallen. On the former stands the picturesque ruin called Ross Castle, formerly the stronghold of O'Donoghue, "The King of the Lakes." Immediately under the ivy-mantled walls of the castle is the famous echo, "Paddy Blake," which, on being asked, "How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?" at once responds, "Mighty well, I thank ye."

This castle, in 1652, was garrisoned by Irish troops, and was the last place in Ireland to yield to the forces of Cromwell. As we approached it, we asked our boatman what ruin it was. "Ross Castle," said he. "Oh, that's where Cromwell made things pretty hot for you Irishmen, is it not?" "He did that," was the reply, "but you may depind on it he's payin' up for it *now*."

Ross Island cannot be compared in beauty to Innisfallen, "of the islands, queen." The latter is by far the most brilliant diamond in the cluster. Erin's bard, Tom Moore, has sung its praises in the following lines:—

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare the well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine;
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to feel how fair be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile
Which o'er thee on that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle."

At Ross Island we landed and dismissed our boatmen. After a stroll through the castle and around its ruined battlements, all covered with ivy, we took a car and reached our hotel, just as the shades of evening were falling, thoroughly delighted with our day's trip.

The next day we spent in driving in a jaunting car around the shores of the lake, and through the lovely estates of a few Irish gentry who own the whole of this neighbourhood. Chief among these is the Muckross demesne, owned by Mr. Herbert, the member for the county. The lovely drives, through avenues of spreading foliage, the beautiful gardens and grounds, and the charming views of the lakes, constitute a scene of loveliness that time will never efface from my memory. Here is situated the venerable ruin called Muckross Abbey. It was founded by Franciscan friars—according to some writers in 1440. In the centre of the roofless cloister grows an immense yew tree of great age. Within its walls are the tombs of many of Ireland's greatest chiefs, and several of the kings of Munster are said to have been buried there. Among these notables may be mentioned O'Sullivan, Mor, and O'Donoghue. The superstitious natives regard this sacred resting-place of their departed heroes with awe and reverence. We drove next to the Tose Waterfall, formed of streams issuing from the Mangerton Mountains, which unite, and bounding over a ledge of rock, fall perpendicularly in a mass of boiling foam, sixty or seventy feet into the chasm below.

But I must close this imperfect and hastily-written paper, and in conclusion would say that a few weeks' previous to visiting these lakes I had driven over the Trossachs and Highlands of Scotland, sailed on the lovely Lochs Lomond and Katrine, under the shadows of the majestic Ben Lomond and Ben Nevis, then up the classic Rhine, through the vineyards of Germany and the mountain passes of Switzerland, where the loveliest scenery in the world is said to exist; still, though my memory delights to recall those enchanting scenes, these three little lakes down in the corner of the Emerald Isle, almost shoved out into the broad Atlantic, recall to my mind the fondest and loveliest memories.

MEN WORTH KNOWING;

OR, HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

ROGER WILLIAMS.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

"THE English Puritans," says Macaulay, were "the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world ever produced." And he proceeds to vindicate this statement by the following magnificent tribute to their character:—

"The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with Him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but His favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the

* The principal authorities for this paper are Mudge's "Footprints of Roger Williams," Bancroft's "History of the United States," Ryerson's "U. E. Loyalists and their Times," Part I.; Leonard Bacon's "Genesis of the New England Churches," Macaulay's History and Essays, Green's and Knight's History of England, Bradford's "Journal," and other contemporary documents.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Woodstock," gives a clever caricature of the Puritans, including a graphic portraiture of "Old Noll" himself. He who would understand, however, the character of England's uncrowned king, must read his Life and Letters, as given by Carlyle.

world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed His will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!"

These noblest sons of England, driven into exile by a persecuting power, "turned to the New World," to use the words of Canning, "to redress the balance of the Old." Dr. Bacon has traced minutely in his interesting volume, "The Genesis of the New England Churches," the development of those religious principles which led to the formation of the Separatist Church of Great Britain, its persecution there, its exile in Holland, its prosperity in Amsterdam and Leyden, its resolve to plant in the New World the seeds of civil and religious liberty, and to seek in the Western wilderness what it found not in the home-land, freedom to worship God. The seed of three kingdoms, says an old chronicler, was sifted for the wheat of that planting. Win-

nowed by the fan of persecution, of exile, of poverty, of affliction, the false and fickle fell off, the tried and true alone remained. Even after leaving the weeping group upon the shore at Delft-Haven, and parting with their English friends at Southampton, the little company of exiles for conscience' sake was destined to a still further sifting. Twice was the tiny flotilla driven back to port by storms. One of the two small vessels of which it was composed and a number of the feebler-hearted adventurers were left behind, and only a hundred souls remained to essay the mighty enterprise of founding a nation.

In the little cabin of the *Mayflower* were assembled some of the noblest and purest spirits on earth, whose memories are an inspiration and a moral power for ever—the venerable Brewster; Governor Carver; Bradford, his successor; Allerton; Winslow; the burly and impetuous Standish; Alden, the first to leap ashore and the last to survive; and the heroic and true-hearted mothers of the New England commonwealth. Before they reached the land they set their seal to a solemn compact, forming themselves into a body politic for the glory of God, the advancement of the Christian faith, the honour of king and country, and their common welfare. "Thus," says Bancroft, "in the cabin of the *Mayflower* humanity recovered its rights and instituted government on the basis of 'equal laws' for the general good."

On the wild New England shore, at the beginning of an inclement winter, worn and wasted by a stormy voyage, and with a scant supply of the necessaries of life, behind them the boisterous ocean, before them the sombre forests haunted by savage beasts and still more savage men, even stouter hearts than those of the frail women of that little company might have failed for fear. But we read no record of despondency or murmuring; each heart seemed inspired with lofty hope and unfaltering faith.

The first landing was effected on the barren sand dunes of Cape Cod, an arm stretched out into the sea, as if to succour the weary voyagers. In debarking, they were forced to wade through the freezing water to the land, and sowed the seeds of suffering in their weakened frames. "The bitterness of mortal disease was their welcome to the inhospitable shore."

But they must seek a more favourable site for settlement. By the good providence of God they reached safely the quiet

harbour—since known, in grateful remembrance of the port from which they sailed, as Plymouth Bay. The next day, despite the urgent need of despatch, they sacredly kept the Christian Sabbath in devout exercises on a small island. On Monday they crossed to the mainland, and a grateful posterity has fenced and guarded the rock on which they stepped. Thither, as to a sacred shrine of liberty, many men of many lands have made a reverent pilgrimage. "Plymouth Rock," in the brilliant rhetoric of one of these, the accomplished De Toqueville, "is the corner-stone of a nation." The principles of which it is the symbol are certainly the foundations, broad and deep, on which national greatness is built.

The *Mayflower* soon anchored in the quiet bay, and on Christmas Day its passengers debarked and began the building of the town of Plymouth. By the second Sunday the "Common House," some twenty feet square, was ready for worship; but the roof caught fire, and they were forced to worship beneath the wintry sky. At length, little by little, in frost and foul weather, between showers of sleet and snow, shelter for nineteen families was erected. But disease, hunger, and death made sad havoc in the little company. "There died," says Bradford, "sometimes two or three in a day." At one time only six or seven were able to attend on the sick or bury the dead. When spring opened, of one hundred persons, scarce half remained alive. Carver, the Governor; his gentle wife, and sweet Rose Standish,—

> "Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed by the wayside,
> She was the first to die of all who came in the *Mayflower;*"

with many another of unremembered name, were laid to rest in the "God's acre," overlooking the sea, still known as "Burial Hill." In the spring, wheat was sown over their graves, "lest the Indian scouts should count them and see how many already had perished."

At length the time arrived for the departure of the *Mayflower;* and as the signal-gun of departure awoke the echoes of hill and and forest—

> "Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people,
> Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
> Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in earnest entreaty.

Then from their homes in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the *Mayflower*,
Homeward bound o'er the seas, and leaving them there in the desert.
" Meanwhile the Master
Taking each by the hand as if he were grasping a tiller,
Sprang into his boat and in haste shoved off to his vessel.
Glad to be gone from a land of sand, and sickness, and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel.
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back with the Mayflower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing.
" Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all as something living and human,
Then, as if filled with the Spirit, and wrapped in vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent elder of Plymouth
Said, 'Let us pray,' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the field of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of returning."

We make no apology for quoting so fully from Longfellow's truthful account of the Pilgrims. We have carefully compared his poem with Governor Bradford's Journal and other contemporary documents, and have been struck with its marvellous fidelity to historical fact, both in minute details and even in the speeches of its principal characters.*

But their sufferings were not yet ended. At the beginning of the following winter came an arrival of new emigrants, not only unprovided with food, but the very ship that brought them had to be provisioned for her return voyage out of the scanty harvest of the colony. During that cruel winter the entire population was put upon half allowance. "I have seen men," says Winslow, stagger by reason of faintness for want of food." "Tradition declares," says Bancroft, "that at one time the colonists were reduced to a pint of corn, which, being parched and distributed, gave to each individual only five kernels; but rumour falls short of reality; for three or four months together they had no corn

* Longfellow does not give the full name of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, as perhaps unsuited for poetic uses. It was Priscilla Mullins.

whatever." They were forced to live on mussels, ground nuts, and clams, which they dug up on the shore, and returned thanks to God who gave them, as to Zebulon of old, "of the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand." (Deut. xxxiii. 19.)

They found, also, certain subterranean stores of Indian corn for which there were no claimants. A severe pestilence had shortly before desolated the entire New England seaboard, sweeping away whole tribes. Thus, as the Pilgrims devoutly believed, God had cast out the heathen and planted them, and of the food which they had not planted did they eat. Indeed, had it not thus been providentially exempted from hostile attack, and, as it were, fed by the hand of God in the time of its utter weakness, it is difficult to conceive how the colony could have survived at all.

But it was not altogether free from alarm. Sundry wandering Indians made unwelcome visits to the settlement, and the sachem of the Narragansetts, a still numerous and hostile tribe, sent as a deadly challenge a rattlesnake's skin, filled like a quiver with arrows. Straightway Bradford, the undaunted Governor, jerked out the arrows, filled the skin to the very jaws with powder and shot, and returned it as a haughty defiance to the savage foe. Meanwhile the village was enclosed with a stockade, a brazen howziter was mounted on the roof of the church,—

> "A preacher who spoke to the purpose,
> Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
> Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen,"—

and the little garrison kept watch by night and ward by day on their half rations, no man of them sleeping but with his weapons beside him ready for battle.

Even the seed entrusted to the ground seemed to have perished. For six weeks there was no rain. The land was consumed with drought. The heavens were brass and the earth iron. "It seemed as if God had forsaken them." But they feared rather lest they had forsaken Him. They therefore sought Him in solemn fasting and prayer, "in hope," says Winslow, "that God would grant the request of their dejected souls, if their continuance might in any way stand with His glory and their good." They were not troubled with scientific doubts as to the efficacy of prayer. From nine o'clock in the morning, for eight or nine

hours' they continued in religious exercise and devout supplication. And lo! while they were yet assembled, the clouds began to gather, and for fourteen days "distilled soft, sweet, and moderate showers of rain. It was hard to say," they devoutly add, "whether our withered corn or our drooping affections were most revived, such was the bounty and goodness of our God." Amid such sufferings and privations are the foundations of an empire laid.

In the year 1628, a Puritan colony, from the shires of Dorset and Lincoln, England, numbering about a hundred persons, animated by intense religious zeal, formed another settlement at Salem. The following year two hundred more arrived. But the infant colony was cradled in suffering. This year eighty persons died from disease and unwonted exposure. The next year fifteen hundred arrived, but before December two hundred had died, and another hundred, disheartened by disaster, returned to England. But, amid sickness and suffering, no trace of repining appears in the records of the colony. Notwithstanding temporary reverses, the population continued to increase, as many as three thousand immigrants arriving in a single year.

The Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers of New England were not like the early emigrants to Virginia—"broken men, adventurers, bankrupts, criminals." They were largely men of the professional and middle classes, some owners of fair estates, and men of large and liberal culture. Among the citizens of the new religious commonwealth, were such distinguished divines as Cotton and Hooker; and Eliot and Mayhew, the apostles to the Indians, who, laying aside the pride of learning, instructed the savage neophytes of the forest in the doctrines of the Gospel; and such laymen as Governor Winthrop, the sturdy Endicott, the younger Vane, friend of Milton and martyr of liberty, and others of honoured memory.

One of the most notable of these was Roger Williams—a man well worth knowing as "the first person in modern Christendom to assert in its plenitude the doctrine of liberty of conscience—the equality of opinions before the law; and in its defence the harbinger of Milton—the percursor and superior of Jeremy Taylor."* This apostle of liberty was born in Wales, 1599,

* Bancroft.

and educated partly at Charterhouse School—where a hundred years later John Wesley was a scholar—and afterwards at Cambridge University. Under the influence of his patron, Sir Edward Coke, he first studied law, and then became a clergyman in the Church of England. But his intense Puritan affinities led him to abjure the Church established by law, and to cast in his lot with the Church in the wilderness beyond the sea.

In 1631, therefore, Roger Williams, with Mary his wife, reached the little town of Boston—if town the few huts, scattered over the three-pointed hill, could be called. But he soon incurred the hostility of the authorities, by denying the right of the magistrates to punish for any but civil offences—a new doctrine which even the persecuted Puritans had not themselves learned to accept.

The magistrates enforced, under civil penalties, attendance at public worship. "To drag to worship," said Williams, "an irreligious or unwilling soul, seemed only like requiring hypocrisy." In this he but echoed the then long-forgotten sentiment of the early Christian father: "It is no part of religion to compel religion." Williams was invited, however, to become minister of a church at Salem, and afterward at Plymouth, where he still preached his doctrines, so far in advance of his age, of civil liberty, and of the sanctity and supremacy of the individual conscience.

But persecution followed him. The General Court of Massachusetts banished him from the colony, allowing him only six weeks to depart, because he called in question the authority of the King to grant the lands of the Indians without purchase, and the right of the civil power to impose faith and worship. He declared himself "ready to be bound and banished, and even to die in New England," rather than to renounce the convictions of his soul. Thus did he maintain the grand doctrine of intellectual liberty and the supremacy of conscience, twelve years before Jeremy Taylor, wrote his "Liberty of Prophesying," and ten years before Milton, in his noble "Plea for Unlicensed Printing," penned these stirring words: "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty."

Two hundred years before Catholic emancipation in England, Williams argued that "a doctor of physick or a pilot" might, as well as a magistrate or a ruler, be selected according to his skill in theology or his standing in the Church—a doctrine which is not fully recognized even in the present day. "No one should be bound to worship," he added, "or to maintain a worship, against his own consent." "What!" said the advocates of a State-paid Church: "Is not the labourer worthy of his hire?" "Yes," was the irrefutable retort, "*from them that hire him.*"

The people of Salem rallied round their persecuted pastor, and the court, with the cowardice of fear, resolved to ship him to England forthwith. But before the pinnace had come to take him on board, he escaped into the woods—forsaking home and wife and child * for conscience' sake. With no guidance but his pocket compass and the stars of heaven, he wandered for fourteen weeks through the wintry forest, "sorely tost in a bitter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean—with neither fire, nor food, nor company, and no house but a hollow tree." Fifty years after he could say, "I bear in my body to this day the effects of that winter's exposure."

> And then night's thickening shades began to fill
> His soul with doubt—for shelter he had none—
> And all the outstretched waste was clad with one
>
> Vast mantle hoar. And he began to hear,
> At times, the fox's bark, and the fierce howl
> Of wolf, sometimes afar—sometimes so near
> That in the very glen they seemed to prowl
> Where now he, wearied, paused—and then his ear
> Started to note some shaggy monster's growl,
> That from his snow-clad, rocky den did peer,
> Shrunk with gaunt famine in that tempest drear,
>
> And scenting human blood—yea, and so nigh
> Thrice did our northern tiger seem to come,
> He thought he heard the fagots crackling by,
> And saw through driven snow and twilight gloom,
> Peer from the thickets his fierce burning eye,
> Scanning his destined prey, and through the broom
> Thrice stealing, on his ears the whining cry
> Swelled by degrees above the tempest high.†

* His love of liberty is seen in the name given to the babe born during these troubles—"Freeborn Williams."

† "Whatcheer; or, Roger Williams in Banishment." By Job Durfee, LL.D.

Williams had devoted much time to the Indians, visiting their wigwams, learning their language, teaching them the truths of the Gospel. And now he found his reward. In his dire extremity they relieved his necessities. "The ravens," he gratefully says, 'fed me in the wilderness." "The barbarous heart of Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, loved him as his son to the last gasp." And he proved himself worthy of such love. During a long life he was, says Bancroft, their unfaltering friend and benefactor; the apostle of Christianity to them without hire and without weariness; the guardian of their rights, and their unflinching advocate and protector whenever Europeans attempted an invasion of their soil.

At last he found a haven of rest, beyond the reach of Plymouth colony, and here, like an ancient patriarch, he founded a city and a state. "I having made covenant of peaceable neighbourhood with all the sachems and neighbours round about," he writes, "and having, of a sense of God's merciful providence unto me in my distress, called the place Providence, I desired it might be a shelter for persons distressed for conscience." So was founded the mother city of the State of Rhode Island.*

Williams was no "land-grabber," no self-seeker. Although he might claim, by purchase from the Indians, the soil his own, "as truly as the coat on his back," yet he reserved to himself "not one foot of land, not one tittle of political power more than he granted to servants and strangers. . . . He gave away his lands and other estate to them that he thought were most in want, until he gave away all. He devoted himself with zeal to missionary toil among the red men and the white alike." "Yet," he writes, "my time was not spent altogether in spiritual labours; but day and night, at home and abroad, on the land and water, at the hoe, at the oar, for bread." Well says the poet:—

> "'Twas labour strange to hands like his, I ween,
> That had far oftener turned the sacred page
> Than hewed the trunk or delved the grassy green;
> But toils like these gave honour to the sage;

* It is an interesting circumstance that the sister State of Connecticut was also founded by a colony led by the pious divine, Thomas Hooker, followed by another, led by its pastor, John Davenport, at New Haven. These pioneers of empire chose God for their ruler, and made their statute book His Word.

The axe and spade in no one's hands are mean,
And least of all in thine—Illustrious Pioneer!"

The greatness of his soul was best seen in his treatment of his persecutors. Though keenly sensitive of the wrongs he had endured, in the spirit of Him who says, "Love your enemies," he writes: "I did ever from my soul honour and love them even when their judgment led them to afflict me." While he attacked the spirit of persecution, he had only words of tenderness for his persecutors, and he afterwards exposed his life in their behalf. Such magnanimity broke down the barriers of hate. "Many hearts were touched with relentings, and that great and pious soul, Mr. Winslow," writes the exile, "melted, and kindly visited me, and put a piece of gold into the hands of my wife for our supply." Soon friends and neighbours gathered round, and the new emigrants, while confessing to be "the poorest of the people of God in the whole world," resolved "to excel in holiness." So were laid the foundations of a noble Christian commonwealth.

Providence became indeed "a shelter for persons distressed for conscience." The famous Anne Hutchinson, an antinomian enthusiast, banished from Massachusetts, found refuge in Rhode Island, but removing to the territory of the Dutch, was, during an Indian war, slain and consumed, with all her household save one, by the savages.

During one of these Indian wars the Governor and Council of Massachusetts invoked the aid of Williams to break a powerful league against the whites. With a grand magnanimity he writes: "The Lord helped me immediately to put my life into my hand; to ship myself alone in a poor canoe, and to cut through a stormy wind, with great sea, every moment in hazard of life, to the sachem's house. Three days and nights my business forced me to lodge and mix with the bloody Pequot ambassadors, whose hands and arms methought wreaked with the blood of my countrymen, and from whom I could nightly look for their bloody knives at my own throat also. God wondrously preserved me, and helped me to break in pieces the Pequots' negotiations and designs."

In his fortieth year he manifested in a singular way his fidelity to the convictions of conscience. He had convinced himself that immersion was the true mode of baptism. But there was no minister in the colonies who would thus baptize him. He

solved the question with his usual decision. A godly layman, a Mr. Holliman, immersed him, and then Williams immersed Holliman and ten others. Thus was founded the first Baptist Church in America. Williams and his friends were promptly cut off from fellowship with the Churches of Massachusetts. Yet he manifested no spirit of bitterness thereat, and he continued to his life's end to pray and preach and labour for the salvation of souls.

In 1643 he was sent to England to secure a charter for the Rhode Island colony. This he successfully accomplished, and was elected by popular vote for two years, President of the Commonwealth. During his visit to England he was the guest of the patriot statesman, Vane, and the intimate friend of Milton. To maintain himself he taught Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and Dutch. "The Secretary of the Council (Milton)," he says, "for my Dutch I read him, read me many more languages."

Strange that men, seeking in the wilderness freedom to worship God, should become themselves bitter persecutors. Yet the treatment of Williams, of the Baptists, and especially of the Quakers by the Puritan colony of Massachusetts, illustrates this singular anomaly. In 1650, the town of Boston was thrown into consternation by the arrival of two Quaker women. After solemn fasting and prayer the women were arrested, their books burned, and themselves shipped back to England. One of them felt that she had a message from God to the Sultan, and proceeded, unattended, to Adrianople to deliver it. The Turks thought her crazed, and "she passed through their army without hurt or scoff." By the Puritans she would probably have been hanged.

Notwithstanding all interdict, "the accursed sect" continued to arrive in New England. They were imprisoned; fined £5 for speaking in a Quaker's meeting; whipped—even women; their ears were slit or cut off, and they were menaced with boring of the tongue by a hot iron, and with death. Nor was this an idle threat. Four Quakers—one a woman—were hanged on Boston Common. "I die for Christ," said one of them. "We suffer not as evil doers, but for conscience' sake," said another. "Let me die with my brethren," said Mary Dyar; "the will of God be done;" and she went to the scaffold "full of joy." *

* The subsequent witchcraft mania in New England is another illustration of the delusion of even learned, pious, and noble minds, of which

For the persecuted Quakers a haven of refuge in spite of strenuous remonstrance, was open in the free commonwealth of Rhode Island—true to her early motto "Full liberty in religious concernments." Some sought shelter, but more sought martyrdom. Persecution produced its inevitable effect of making scores of converts. "You may put me to death," said Christison, a condemned Quaker, "but God can raise up ten of His servants in my place."

Williams had ever been the friend of the Indians, protecting them from oppression, dealing with them justly, teaching and preaching to them the Gospel of Peace. But when they made ruthless war upon the white settlers, he accepted in his seventy-sixth year a captain's commission, drew his sword and drilled the raw recruits. Providence was attacked and twenty-nine houses were burned. "As for you, Brother Williams," said the victorious chief, "you are a good man; you have been kind to us many years. Not a hair of your head shall be touched."

His life-work was now well nigh done. He dwelt with his children and his aged wife in peace and happiness. In his eighty-third year he arranged by his fireside his written discourses for publication. "I am old, and weak, and bruised," he writes. He was also poor. His substance and his golden opportunities of becoming rich beyond the dream of avarice had been willingly sacrificed to the public good. The following year he died. Of his last hours we have no record, nor need we. The life-long spirit of the man was one of apostolic purity. To the Governor of Massachusetts, although the instrument of his banishment, he wrote, "The Most Holy and Mighty One, blast all mischievous buds and blossoms, and prepare us for tears in the valley of tears, and help you and us to trample on the dung-hill of this present world, and to set our affections and cast anchor above these heavens and earth, which are reserved for burning." And Winthrop answered, "Sir, we have often tried your patience, but could never conquer it."

alas! proof was common enough throughout Christendom. In the little town of Salem, in the four summer months of 1692, nineteen persons were hanged for witchcraft—one of whom was a minister and thirteen were women—and Giles Corry, an old man over eighty, for refusing to plead was pressed to death between two planks; a hundred and fifty persons were imprisoned and many tortured. And learned ministers urged on the delusion. Longfellow in his noble "New England Tragedies," has given vivid pictures of both of these periods of persecution.

In his old days he had many sorrows. His friend, the stainless patriot Vane, was beheaded on Tower Hill. Peters, the precursor of Whitefield, as a famous preacher,* who voted for Williams' banishment, but afterward became his firm friend, also perished on the scaffold. Some whom Williams had befriended proved ungrateful. He sadly writes, "I laid myself down as a stone in the dust for these after-comers to step upon, and now they say, 'Who is Roger Williams?'"

He wielded a busy and vigorous pen, and was sometimes involved in warm controversies. But he calls even his antagonists to witness that in his books he ever "presses holiness of heart, holiness of life, holiness of worship, and pity to poor sinners, and patience toward them while they break not the civil peace."

Among his books are a "Key to the Languages of America," written on shipboard; "Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health," written, he says, "in the very thickest of the native Indians, in their very wild houses and by their barbarous fires;" "A Hireling Ministry, none of Christ's;" "The Bloody Tenent (Tenet) of Persecution for the Cause of Conscience"—a quaint and beautiful dialogue between Peace and Truth. He sent a copy of this to a Tory friend. She wrote him that "He and it would make a good fire." Though he befriended the Quakers, he argued against them in a book bearing the punning title "George Fox Digged out of his Burrows." To his wife, with a letter of religious counsels, he writes, "I send thee, though in winter, a handful of flowers, made up in a little posy, for your dear self, and our dear children to look and smell on, when I, as the grass of the field, shall be gone and withered."

The Commonwealth which he founded has honoured his memory. Providence is now a busy city of over a hundred thousand inhabitants; and the spot where he landed, the spring at which he drank, the site of his house, and the grave in which, for two hundred years, his ashes have slept are shown with reverent regard. His house and church at Salem are among the most venerable relics of American antiquity, and beneath the dome of the great rotunda at Washington, a noble, marble monument exhibits the form of the grand old pioneer of liberty, holding in his hand the great charter of human freedom, the Word of God.

* Under his preaching in New England, he writes, "Over a hundred a week were persuaded from sin to Christ; there were six or seven thousand hearers."

THE HIGHER LIFE.

Personal Holiness.

Personal holiness is the focal point in the redemptive system. Here all the convergent rays of spiritual light meet, centre, and produce their grandest effect. It is not the prime object of grace to reopen heaven and procure rewards—to deck men with robes and diadems, palms and harps—to place them within a magnificent city, entered by gates of pearl, and embellished by golden footwalks, and trees, and rivers of life and healing; but to restore the lost image—the primal image of righteousness and true holiness. This is the major proposition, the objective point, the great necessity. Everything else is incidental and subsidiary. Happiness and heaven are the resultants of holiness. They come as a natural effect and logical sequence from the chain of causation, and uplifting forces, comprised in purity. It is the introduction of moral evil into the world that has broken up the harmonies of the righteous government of God, and produced clash and conflict in the administration of His proposed peaceful reign over men. To God, sin is repellant—holiness attractive. To the elements of heaven, sin is incongruent—holiness coalescent. To the human constitution, sin is derangement and disease—holiness, sanity and health. Sin, therefore, is the sum of all evil—holiness the totality of all good. Hence deliverance from sin, and the attainment of holiness, create heaven anywhere, because purity makes us one with God. Where God is, and communes, *there* is supreme happiness and the highest heaven.—*Divine Life.*

Alone with God.

One Sabbath night, after discoursing on a very solemn subject which had stirred my own soul, I took a walk before going home. It was clear starlight, without any moon, and the heavens looked down upon me with all their sublime impressiveness. I found myself, unconsciously, walking in the direction of the mill. I had not gone far before I met my senior colleague and friend pacing up and down by the side of the stream near his house. As soon as I came up he said: "Man, I couldna gang hame direct frae the chapel the nicht. After hearin' your sermon I wanted

to be alane wi' God; and I never feel his presence as much as when I am oot in a nicht like this. You war speakin' about death? D'ye ken I never think o' death! It's aye life that fills my mind. As long as I see sich a sky as that abune me, and hae a grip o' Christ within me, I'm sure death is swallowed up in victory. I am no' sae sure as some folks seem to be that heaven will be sae different from this warl'. When I was a laddie I used to read the Book of Revelation frae beginnin' to end on a Sabbath afternoon; and on Monday mornin', when I got up to herd my faither's coos, jist as the sun was risin' and spreadin' a glimmer ower the lift, the bits o'birdies praisin' God wi' a' their micht, and the loch at the fit o' the field like a pictur' o' peace, I wondered if Revelation and nature werena a' ane, and sometimes thocht that 'the new heaven and new earth' jist meant that when we woke up on the resurrection morn we would find ourselves in this same place with this differ—that sin and sorrow had fleed awa' as the nicht was passin', jist like mist frae the braes."—*Scottish Magazine.*

The Possibilities of Heaven.

Activity, occupation, is the great secret of contented living. I cannot imagine who first conceived the idea of heaven as a place in which to stand still; some poor, timid soul, probably, to whom mere rest was the highest ideal of bliss. But the glowing descriptions of the Bible never convey any such idea; there every word seems to quiver with an intensity of life and glory. I never forget that Christ is the centre and source, the life and glory, of all; and that to be without one spot or stain of sin, to be pure as He is pure, holy as He is holy, is the crowning joy and glory of heaven. I long for intellectual expansion, but still more do I yearn for the spiritual unfolding into Christ's own image of infinite purity and love, which I hope for there. Our spiritual nature is our highest, and its perfection far more to be coveted than that of the merely intellectual; but I believe it is the union and harmony of the two which constitutes the fullest perfection in even that higher life. We are made both rational and spiritual beings, with capacities for indefinite expansion in both lives—in all lives. Whatever pursuit or taste is elevating and pure, a blessing to ourselves and others, we cannot doubt will be enlarged and perfected there.

And O, to what wonderful and glorious height a whole eternity will bring us! If the attainments of some even here seem marvellous, what shall we behold there? It is this wonderful capacity for development which makes a human soul worth so much. When a man with all these glorious possibilities before him persists in yielding to his lower propensities, and degrading himself by self-indulgence and sin, he ruins not only what he is, but what he might be in endless ages hence. His soul clogged, imbruted, narrowed down to low aims, cannot rise to a glorious immortality; he has kept himself away from it. If there were no revelation of future evil to such a soul, we should see how inevitable its ruin is.—*Our Two Lives.*

The Coming Christian Manhood.

There is growing up in the advanced Sunday-school of the present a flower which shall bear glorious blossoms fifteen years hence—the Christianity of the future. Far more thoroughly than ever in the past a generation of young people are receiving an education in the word of God. The Sunday-school of to-day is training those who are the destined citizens and Christians of to-morrow. The sons and daughters who are storing their minds and strengthening their characters with Scripture truths will grow up into a full-orbed type of Christianity which will be in advance of their parents', and fuller, rounder, and more complete than any which the Church has in the past developed. With such citizens as are being nurtured in our Sunday-school to control the State, and such Christians to become pillars in the Church, both Church and State will stand secure and strong through all the centuries to come.—*John H. Vincent, D.D.*

—There are no buds that open without the sun, but there is a great difference in the time it takes them to unfold. Some have their outer petals so closely wrapped and glued together that there must be many days of warm shining before they begin to expand; and others there are which make haste to get out of the ground, and almost as soon as they are buds they are blossoms. So it is with human hearts. Some are so cold and impervious that it seems as if God's spirit never could reach them; but others there are which open to His first influences.

REASONS FOR THE CHANGES MADE IN THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.*

BY A MEMBER OF THE REVISION COMMITTEE.

No attempt has been made to modernize the style of the Authorized Version. On the contrary, "innocent archaisms"—to use an expression which was frequently on the lips of the Company—have invariably been allowed to stand. It was felt that these tend to give a dignity and solemnity to a translation of the Scriptures, and that to change them into a language of present every-day life would have been to insure loss instead of gain. As has been well remarked, "These (archaisms), shedding round the sacred volume the reverence of age, removing it from the ignoble associations which will often cleave to the language of the day, should on no account be touched, but rather thankfully accepted and carefully preserved. For, indeed, it is good that the phraseology of Scripture should not be exactly that of our common life: should be removed from the vulgarities, and even the familiarities, of this; just as there is a sense of fitness which dictates that the architecture of a church should be different from that of a house."†

In accordance with these sentiments, the same antique air which belongs to the Authorized Version will be found also to distinguish the Revised Translation. Every archaism that still continues generally intelligible has been left untouched. Hence, such forms as *hath*, *whiles*, *throughly*, *holpen*, etc., have been retained, and the relative "which" has been allowed to stand, as in old English, when the antecedent is a person.

But it is manifest that an archaism ceases to be *innocent* when it has become altogether obsolete, or has wholly or to a considerable degree changed its meaning. And not a few such words or phrases are to be found in the Authorized Version. They are now either quite unintelligible or seriously misleading; and to substitute other expressions for them was clearly one of the plainest duties to be kept in view in preparing the Revised Version.

The following words may be given as examples of those that have, of necessity, been replaced by others. "Let" now means to *permit*, but is used with exactly the opposite meaning of *hinder* at Rom. 1: 13; 2 Thess. 2: 7. "Worship" is now used only with reference to the service of God, but occurs in the sense of *respect shown to man* at Luke 14: 10; while "room," now meaning *apartment*, is used in the same verse to denote a *seat*. "Wealth" reads strangely indeed at 1 Cor. 10: 24, "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's *wealth*," where the word means *welfare*." "Prevent" now means to *hinder*, but at Matt. 17: 25 and 1 Thess. 4: 15 it is used in the sense of *anticipate* or *precede*. "Quick" is used for *living*, as at Heb. 4: 12, and is barely intelligible to the ordinary reader of that passage. "Ensue" is quite obsolete in the sense of *pursue*, which it has at 1 Peter 3: 11. The word "conversation," as used in the Authorized Version, is a most fruitful cause of mistake. It always means *conduct*, except at Philipp. 3: 20, where it is translated "citizenship" in the Revised Version, and might perhaps mean "city" or "home." The dreadful word "damnation," which stands at 1 Cor. 11: 29, has had the very worst consequences in many cases, and means no more than *judgment*. "Honest," at Philipp.

* Condensed from the "Companion to the Revised Version."

† Abp. Trench, "On the Authorized Version," p. 22.

4: 8, is a Latinism, meaning *honourable;* and the same is true of Rom. 12: 17, though the Greek is there different. "Affect," at Gal. 4: 17, is used for *court*, and "allow," at Luke 11: 48, means *approve*—senses of the words which would never occur to a modern English reader. The words "offend" and "offence" are very misleading, but it is not easy to substitute for them others that shall be in every respect preferable. The Revised Version has adopted *cause to stumble* and *stumbling-block* for "offend" and "offence" in some passages, as Matt. 5: 29, 16: 23, but in others has not been able to get rid of the obnoxious words. "Virtue," at Mark 5: 30 and Luke 6: 19, 7: 46, simply means *power*. In the word "usury," at Matt. 25: 27, there is an objectionable meaning, and it has been replaced by *interest*, as our language now requires. "Nephews," at 1 Tim. 5: 4, really means *grandchildren;* and when Moses is called "a proper child," at Heb. 11: 23, the meaning is what we now express by such a word as goodly. The singular expression "occupy," found at Luke 19: 13, means *traffic*, and "by and by," which occurs at Matt. 13: 21 and several other passages in the Gospels, means *immediately*. "Writing-table at Luke 1: 53, denotes *writing tablet*, while "devotions," at 17: 23, means "objects of worship." To mention only one other example of the many misleading archaisms which exist in the Authorized Version, the word "debate" is used at Rom. 1: 29 in the sense of *strife;* and so liable is this to be misunderstood that we are told "a worthy member of a Scottish Church court once warned its members not to call their deliberations a 'debate,' for *debate* was one of the rank sins condemned by the inspired apostle!" *

As specimens of archaic phrases or modes of expression which are very apt at the present day to be mistaken, the following will suffice. At Matt. 6: 34 the injunction, "Take no thought for the morrow," occurs, and has proved very hurtful in modern times. It was a faithful enough representation of the original two and a half centuries ago, for "thought" was then used in the sense of *anxiety*. But the word has no such meaning, and the consequence is that the precept of our Lord as it stands has perplexed many a humble believer, while it has been used by believers as a charge against Christ's teaching, which, they affirm, encourages *improvidence*. But the Greek really means, "Be not anxious for the morrow," and is so rendered in the Revised Version. Again, to take an instance of a different kind, what a ludicrous notion are these words at Acts 21: 15 fitted to suggest: "And after those days we *took up our carriages*, and went up to Jerusalem." Persons of education will doubtless run little risk of mistaking the meaning of the passage. But it should ever be remembered that the Bible is, above all other volumes, *the people's book*, and that, if possible, not a single expression should be left in any translation of it which is at all likely to stumble or perplex the plainest reader. In the case before us, a very slight change, "we took up our *baggage*," makes the meaning clear. Some strange stories have been told in connection with the words "we fetched a compass," which occur at Acts 28: 13, and whether these be true or not, much is gained by the rendering, "we made a circuit," adopted in the Revised Version.

Some ambiguities which occur in the Authorized Version also deserve to be noticed. One of the most puzzling of these, if regard be had only to the apparently grammatical import of the words, occurs at 2 Cor. 5: 21, "He hath made him to be sin for *us, who knew no sin*," where it might seem that the sinlessness of mankind was proclaimed. This possible misconception is very simply but effectually obviated in the Revised Version, by rendering, in exact accordance with the order of the Greek, "Him who knew no

* Eadie's "English Bible," ii. 374.

sin he made to be sin on our behalf." At Luke 4: 20 the statement "He closed the book, and he gave it to the *minister*" might suggest the idea of a president or preacher, in the synagogue, instead of the *attendant* or officer who had charge of the sacred books. At Eph. 6: 12 the rendering, "spiritual wickedness in *high* places," is clearly ambiguous, as it might seem to refer, (and has, been so taken) to the wickedness of persons high in rank or authority, whereas the true meaning is "in *heavenly* places," as in other passages of the Epistle. There is an obvious misplacement of the word "also" at Heb. 12: 1, to the obscuring of the sense: "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside," etc., as if the believers named in the previous chapter were, like us, "compassed about," while they, in fact, are themselves "the cloud of witnesses;" and the verse should run, "Let us also," etc. Finally, James 2: 1, "My brethren have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ," is rendered clearer by translating "*hold* not," etc.; and so at chap. 3: 1, "My brethren, be not many masters, knowing that we shall receive the greater condemnation," has, with advantage, been exchanged for, "Be not *teachers*, my brethren, knowing that we shall receive a greater judgment," in the Revised Version.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

The Œcumenical Council.

During this month of September the thoughts of all devout Methodists throughout the world will turn often to that cradle of British Methodism, the old City Road Chapel; and many and fervent will be the prayers that will go up from many lands for the Divine blessing upon the great representative gathering there assembled. Never did so great a number of the wisest heads and warmest hearts of Methodism take council together before. The fact that these four hundred men from all parts of Christendom represent twenty millions of worshippers, all accepting the system of faith and practice taught by John Wesley, is a most wonderful demonstration of the divine approval of that system which, in a little more than a hundred years, has grown from obscurity, and poverty, and persecution to such numerical and material strength, and which has exhibited such missionary zeal, such spiritual fervour, and such aggressive energy.

The following extract from an admirable atticle by the Rev. John Bond, in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, so well expresses the prospective benefits to be derived from this great council that we cannot do better than transfer it to our pages:

The Œcumenical Methodist Conference will present a grand picture of Christian unity. There may be no organic unity, not the smallest sacrifice of denominational integrity, not even the adoption of a common hymn-book, but there will be visible expression of essential unity such as no Romish, nor Episcopal, nor Presbyterian aggregation of Churches can show. The essential differences between the Methodist Churches are fewer than those amongst any other Christian community bearing a common name. Methodist differences are comparatively non-essential, and in some things microscopical. In the Conference there will be men from all lands, speaking many languages, differing in colour, in culture, in political associations, and in social status, yet all one in the missionary aspiration breathed in Wesley's first hymn:

> "O for a thousand tongues to sing
> My great Redeemer's praise,
> The glories of my God and King,
> The triumphs of His grace!"

and all more or less animated by the spirit which evoked from our founder the declaration, "The world is my parish." There may result no professed confederation of Methodist Churches, such as many so ardently desire, but there will be evoked a regard and love for one another from which it will follow that in future if "one member suffer," the whole body shall "suffer with it." The smallest Methodist unit will realize that it is not alone in the great fight, but that a "bannered host" is at its side, and that its trouble or its joys awaken a common feeling round the whole world. For instance, the Churches at Wurtemburg will feel that they are backed by twenty millions of confederates elsewhere. Is this a little thing?

Then this gathering will probably do much to uphold the common orthodoxy of Christendom. To that the Methodist Churches remain firm. They are not disposed to launch out on a voyage of speculative discovery in theology. Their Arminianism satisfies head and heart and conscience, and they hold fast to it. They stand in the "old paths" and "walk in the old ways," and glory in doing so. Mr. Spurgeon, in the last Conference, observed that the defence of old orthodoxy seemed specially committed to the Baptists and Methodists, amongst whom no "new lights" had arisen. It will be re-assuring, indeed, to find that this body of Methodists, gathered from all countries, not only believe something, but are not ashamed to testify what they believe. Others afloat on the sea of speculation may, perhaps, look at this Conference as a fire by whose light they may find their way to safety; and some, possibly, just about to embark may pause awhile, and see that God is in this great light.

But there is much room for practical co-operation amongst the Methodist Churches. There are spheres of labour, both at home and abroad, where they overrun one another. There are here and there rivalries other than those by which they "provoke one another unto love and to good works." In many a little village there are three or more Methodist Churches dragging out a miserable existence, when, if combined, they would constitute one effective Church. So in foreign missions there are rival Methodist causes expanding their energy in strife for a local habitation, whilst around them lie vast unoccupied regions needing Christian culture, and vainly crying for it. These and kindred evils should be rectified by common counsel, and the coming Conference is calculated to promote such a result.

If anything like a federation of Methodist Churches should be the ultimate outcome of this gathering of Methodists of all classes and lands, our Churches would begin to wield an immense influence over national jealousies, and would powerfully and directly conduce to that "peace on earth" which it was one end of the Gospel to secure. Happily, the time is now passed for the fear of conflict between Great Britain and her eldest daughter in America. Not a whisper is heard but of "peace and goodwill" in that direction. The utmost efforts of unscrupulous Irish agitators can scarcely produce a disagreeable ripple in the intercourse of the two nations. "Blood is thicker than water" still. Community of race, of language, of old history and traditions, and of material interest, bind the two great Anglo-Saxon nations; but the bond of a common religion would probably bear a stronger strain than any other, if occasion arose. If a spark of ill-will should ever hereafter threaten to kindle the flames of war, the influence of a United Methodism on both sides would materially help to smother it. Similar influences in a less degree would be exerted the whole world round; and if such a power be entrusted by Providence to the Methodist Churches, it behoves them to preserve it, and wield it wisely and well.

But the most blessed result to be hoped for is a restoration of the Pentecostal spirit and power. Then men were gathered together in one place, out of many nations. They were "of one soul." Then a generous liberality laid the resources of

the Church at the Apostles' feet. Then the common life of Church members was one of "gladness and singleness of heart, and they had favour with all the people." And then "the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved." This restoration of Apostolic spirit and power, could it be restored in Methodism alone, would fill the world with the Gospel.

The Chautauqua Assembly.

The Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly has had another of its annual sessions, more successful in point of numbers, of sustained interest, and practical usefulness, than any previously held. Its latest development is the inauguration of a School of Theology for the study of biblical, ecclesiastical, and theological literature; Hebrew, Greek, and Latin philology, and social and moral science and philosophy. The course of study will cover four years, and will begin with October 1, 1881. Annual examinations will take place, and degrees will be given on completion of the course. Dr. Vincent is president, and Dr Townsend, dean. This new movement promises to be of great benefit, especially to young ministers.* The interest taken by ministers in Chautauqua may be seen from the fact that about 350 of them were this year present at some or other of the early morning lectures at the Assembly.

To our mind the grandest thing about Chautauqua is the "promise and potency" of untold good to the country at large that it exhibits.

*For further information on the above course, write to Dr. Vincent, Drawer 75, New Haven, Conn.

Beyond the vast numbers who fill the circling seats of its great amphitheatre, we discern a still vaster multitude all over the land to whom it is the centre of intellectual and moral impulse and quickening. On Aug. 12th, the anniversary of the C.L.S.C. was held. But the five or six hundred members present were only the representatives of some 22,000 all over the continent. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the back seats of that amphitheatre are in the Rocky Mountains and the distant prairies of the American and our own Far West.

The Wesleyan Conference.

We were misled by a cable despatch of last month into the announcement that the Rev. Wm. Arthur, M.A., had been elected president of the Wesleyan Conference. That dignity was conferred upon the Rev. Dr. Osborn. This venerable minister is, save Mr. Wesley himself, the oldest one who has ever occupied the presidential chair, and is one of the few instances in recent times of an ex-president being re-elected to that dignity. Of all the stirring events of British Wesleyan Methodism during the last half century, he has been an interested observer, and in most of them an active participant. He has always been conservative in his views, but no man commands more fully the love and confidence of his brethren, and rarely has anyone been elevated to the chair by so large a vote. Indeed it was almost unanimous. Special interest is given to his presidency from the Œcuminical Council in which he will, from his official position, wield an important influence.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Conference met this year in Liverpool, which, on account of its situation, has sometimes been designated "the modern Tyre." The place of meeting is Brunswick Chapel. The first session was held July 19th. From the amphitheatre style of the house it is well adapted for the purposes of a deliberative assembly. There had been unusual anxiety expressed as to who should

be President; and the Rev. George Osborn, D.D., was elected to that important office. Dr. Osborn is 73 years of age, and is the oldest in years of all former Presidents, except Mr. Wesley. He has been in the active work since 1828. Besides doing much hard work in some of the most important circuits, such as Liverpool, Manchester, and London, he was for seventeen years one of the missionary secretaries. Victoria University had the honour of conferring upon him the degree of D.D., a distinction of which he is eminently worthy.

The Conference, though one of the largest ever held, had a somewhat saddened appearance, owing to the absence of several who have long occupied seats on the platform. Revs. Dr. Jobson, Dr. Punshon, S. Coley, and W. O. Simpson, have been removed by death, and Dr. John Farrar and Dr. Gervase Smith were absent through illness.

The Conference prayer-meeting, at the hour of noon, and the open session in the evening of the first day, were seasons of rich spiritual enjoyment. At the latter, addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Tobias and J. Donnelly, from Ireland; J. P. Cook, B.A., and W. Gibson, B.A., from France; Rev. J. Watsford from Australasia. The latter is the first native-born Australasian minister who ever visited England. He has been a missionary in Fiji, where he had the honour to baptize King Thakombau. The representatives from the various Conferences delighted their English friends with the account of what God is doing in those countries from whence they come. Ireland has lost heavily in its membership from well-known causes. All France is now open for the heralds of salvation. The people everywhere flock in great numbers to hear the story of the cross. Dr. Payne astonished his hearers when he told them of there being 1,700,000 members and 12,000 ministers, with as many local preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

The death roll is an unusually large one, there being no less than thirty-one ministers who have finished their course; three had been in the ministry more than sixty years each, seven others exceeded fifty, and eleven others forty years. Three died during the sessions of Conference. The Rev. W. Arthur said that "he had never felt any other loss as he felt the death of Dr. Punshon. He could never forget him, as the Doctor was such a wonderful man, but he trusted they would not dishonour God by saying, "We shall never look upon his like again."

A series of out-door services were held in various parts of the town, both on the Sabbaths and on the evenings during the week. The civil authorities pledged themselves to maintain order. The President felt assured that the sons of John Wesley would avail themselves of the privilege of preaching the Gospel abroad. During one of the morning sessions an hour was spent in special prayer on behalf of the country at large.

Probationers.—Sixty-six probationers, who had completed their term as required by the Discipline, were received into full connexion and ordained. The question of receiving probationers excited a lengthy discussion. Owing to a variety of causes the supply of young men for the ministry is much greater than the demand. Taking into account the number of young men at college, and others who will soon be eligible for circuit work, there are about 186, yet there did not seem to be vacancies for more than seven or eight. The Conference, therefore, resolved that no probationers should be received this year. The discussion on this question was of the most animated kind, and only at one former Conference had such a decision ever been made not to receive any probationers.

Fraternal.—Thirty-eight Nonconformist ministers, headed by the Rev. Hugh Howell Brown, presented an address to the Conference, conveying their fraternal regards, and praying for the prosperity of the denomination. Mr. Brown, on behalf of the deputation, also address-

ed the Conference, during which he said : "If any man deserved to be called the saviour of his country, it was John Wesley ; he wished all people would read John Wesley's journals. Although he was an enthusiastic man, John Wesley's journals were as matter-of-fact as a log-book ; they revealed the state of the country a century ago." The visit was a delightful episode. The Rev. Dr. Ryle, Bishop of Liverpool, entertained the President and Secretary and several other ministers at lunch at his house. The members of Conference were also entertained at the Free Library and Art Museum. The Mayor of Liverpool also entertained the representative Conference at an "At Home." The President and several members of Conference dined with the judges. Such expressions of public regard are an indication of the growth of liberal sentiment.

Temperance.—The Conference now takes a foremost position on the Temperance question. A convention was held during its sessions, and more than one enthusiastic public meeting took place, which were addressed by several ministers. A memorial having been presented to the Conference from the Anti-Narcotic League, an animated conversation took place, during which the President said that "he feared there was a growing tendency towards the use of narcotics much more prejudicial in their tendency than tobacco. Opium and chloral were producing their consequences. Everybody saw, too, that the practice was spreading among the young. Boys might be seen going about the streets smoking cigars, which too frequently they had stolen money to buy."

Appointments.—The Rev. G. Olver was appointed Secretary of the Mission House ; Rev. John Bond, Secretary to the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund ; Rev. G. O. Bate, Principal to the Southlands Normal School ; and Rev. D. J. Waller, Secretary to the Educational Department.

Book Room.—The Book Committee recommended that the Annuitant Fund should receive $15,000 ; the Irish Work, $1,500 ; the Worn-out Ministers' Fund, $1,500 ; the Mission Fund, $1,500. There had been published nearly 5,000,000 tracts.

The Methodist Church of Canada.

Great preparations are being made to celebrate the anniversary of the Missionary Society in October. Several brethren have gone to their distant fields, according to the appointment of last Conference—Revs. J. E. Starr, R. B. Laidley, and T. B. Beynon, B.A., to the Winnipeg District ; A. J. Barltrop and J. B. Wilson to the Portage la Prairie District ; C. Watson and B. Chappell to British Columbia.

The *Missionary Outlook*, which should be in the hands of every supporter of Methodist Missions, contains important letters from several parts of the field. Here is an extract from one by the wife of a missionary, which we recommend to our lady readers : "I often wish there was a white woman here ; there is not one within sixty miles. Rather than stay alone while Mr. McLachlan travels, I have gone with him most of his trips. He has taken quite a number, having travelled altogether this winter about eleven hundred miles, sleeping in the snow twenty-five nights, seventeen of which I was with him. Our friends might think this a great hardship, but we become so accustomed to it that we really enjoy camping out."

Another writes from British Columbia : "It is now eight months since we came to Bella Bella, where we had neither dwelling-house nor church, and the people were so dark it seemed hard work to make them understand the truths of the Bible. Now we have both buildings not quite completed. Among the Bella-Bellas, the custom of infant betrothals and early marriages prevails. One interesting little girl of eight or nine years of age was taken from school last winter and married to a man living in a heathen village, and who had already one wife. They

have promised that there shall be be no more betrothals, but the old promises must be kept. We have three or four girls in the house all winter. The old superstitious father of one came and requested that we should not require her to wash or eat before the sun reached a certain height, or her parents would die early."

From the report of the French Methodist Institute in Montreal, we gather the following facts. The objects of the Institute are: first, the training of missionaries; second, the education of French Canadians, especially converts from Romanism; and thirdly, general educational work in French, provided it does not interfere with the other two objects. None are admitted but young men of the age of fourteen years and over. The principal, the Rev. L. N. Beaudry, regards the Institute a complete suecess. There were twenty-two students during the past year, nine of whom were studying with a view to missionary work, and four others were English-speaking students learning French. The Institute deserves the liberal patronage of the Methodist community.

Items.

A shipwreck has occurred on the New Zealand coast, by which the Wesleyan Methodist Church has lost three of its ministers, and two laymen. The Revs. Joseph Waterhouse, J. B. Richardson, and J. Armitage, and Mr. Cornell, and Mr. Mitchell, were drowned among many others. Australasian, like British Methodism, has been sorely smitten. Since the loss of the *Maria*, West India Mail boat, no such loss has suddenly befallen our Churches. Rev. J. Waterhouse was the accomplished and enthusiastic son of the hero who died, crying, "Missionaries! missionaries!" He had been to bring home a sick son, and father and son were both drowned. The Rev. J. B. Richardson was the President of the New Zealand Conference, and that fact sufficiently indicates his eminence and worth. The Rev. J. Armstrong, though but of seven years' ministerial standing, was editor of the *New Zealand Wesleyan*, and promised remarkable power and usefulness. The two laymen were picked out by their peers to be representatives to the Adelaide General Conference, and such men must have been of special worth. What do these bereavements teach?

The Wesleyan Missionary Committee has undertaken to raise the sum of $65,000 by means of subscriptions from the young men of Methodism, to free the Society from debt, as a memorial to Dr. Punshon. A very fitting memorial. Circulars have been sent out by Messrs. Percy W. Pocock, and T. A. Gurney, which it is hoped will accomplish the desirable object.

We regret the occurrence of several errors in the report of Eastern Conference doings in our last number. The brother who headed the list of contributions for Endowment Fund, Mount Allison College, gave $500, not $50. A gentlemen in Halifax has given one-fifth of amount required, $10,000. The Sackville offer has nothing to do with this Halifax gift.

The Death Roll.

We regret to learn the death of Rev. James Seymour, on Monday, 8th inst., at the ripe old age of 83 years. Bro. Seymour was fifty-three years in the Methodist ministry, but for some years past had been failing in health. He died at the residence of his son, the Rev. J. C. Seymour, at Markham. His last illness was of short duration. His son writes: "He died in great peace. Religion with him was a glorious and life-long reality, the ruling passion of his soul, and it was strong in death."

The youngest son of the late Rev. Joseph Benson, the Methodist commentator, died recently in his 82nd year. Mr. Benson was Chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark, England, to which Church he was appointed curate as far back as 1824.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Fool of Quality; or, The History of Henry, Earl of Moreland. By HENRY BROOKE, Esq. Pp. 427. Macmillan & Co

This is a new edition of the famous novel of which John Wesley thought so highly, that he republished it in 1780 for the instruction and profit of "the people called Methodists." It is rather an old-fashioned story, written in a somewhat ambitious style, but abounding in precepts of the loftiest morality and virtue. Brooke, its author, was, we think, a more interesting character than his hero. An impulsive Irishman, he married, when only nineteen, a girl-wife of fifteen, became the friend of Lyttleton and Chatham, of Swift and Pope, and favourite of George III. He was very "Methodistical," we are told, in his habits, and lingered on to extreme old age, cheered and waited on by a devoted daughter—the sole survivor of twenty-two children.

It says much for the book that in the year of publication it ran through three editions and several since, and has recently been re-issued with an introduction by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. That distinguished editor avers that he has learned more that is pure, sacred, and eternal from its pages, which reflect the life of Christ and the teaching of St. Paul, than from any book published since Spencer's *Fairy Queen.* "Go forth once more, brave book," he writes, "as God shall speed thee; and wherever thou meetest, whether in peasant or peer, with a royal heart, tender and true, magnanimous and chivalrous, enter in and dwell there; and help the owner to become (as thou canst help him) a Man, a Christian, and a Gentleman, as Henry Brooke was before him." Of this book John Wesley writes that it was "one of the most beautiful pictures ever drawn in the world; the strokes are so delicately fine, the touches so easy and natural and affecting, that I know not who can survey it with tearless eyes, unless he has a heart of stone." This is very high praise from two of the best literary critics and two of the most pure and noble-minded men of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Our Brother in Black: his Freedom and his Future. By ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD, D.D. Pp. 252. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

No graver problem confronts the American people than that named in the title of this book. There are now 6,000,000 of Africans in the South, and there will soon be 10,000,000. In some states they are a majority of the inhabitants. They are there to stay. Their deportation to Africa, or to Kansas, or to anywhere else is out of the question. It would be impracticable. It would be unjust. It is physically impossible. Dr. Haygood's book is a valuable contribution to the solution of this problem. He is himself a southern man—a former slave owner and confederate. He recognizes the logic of events. He sees the hand of Providence in the emancipation of the negro race. He recognizes the negro's right to citizenship, to education, and to a share in the land. He is hopeful of the future. We deem his judgment more sound and his views more practical than those of that radical enthusiast, the late Bishop Haven. He represents, we judge, the best feeling of the south toward the dependent race to whom they are, in the providence of God, wards and guardians. We found similar wise, Christian, and generous sentiments expressed by Governor Colquitt and other visitors from the south with whom we came in contact at the late Sunday-school Convention. If these sentiments are prevalent in the south, we anticipate a wise solution of the problem of the hour and a happy future of one of the most beautiful and favoured sections of the continent, and of one of

the most generous and noble-spirited people of the American Union.

Myths and Marvels of Astronomy. By R. A. PROCTOR. New York: R. Worthington. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 8vo., pp. 363. Scarlet cloth, gilt top. Price $3.25.

No man has done more, in recent times, to popularize, by his books and lectures, the marvels of astronomy, than Richard Proctor. In this volume are collected a number of the most attractive of his late contributions to various periodicals. The longest paper, one of fifty pages on astrology, exhibits the extraordinary credulity of the human mind, from the earliest to the latest times, in the influence of the stars on human destiny, and in astrology to read the future. This belief has left its impress on our very language in such expressions as disaster, good and evil stars, and mercurial, martial, jovial, saturnine, lunatic, horoscope, omen, augury, in the ascendent, and in the very names of the days of the week. By means of diagrams the author shows the methods of casting nativities, and gives, with all the jargon of the tribe, the horoscope of the Prince of Wales and other public persons. Such superstition is an anachronism in this nineteenth century, like a belated ghost of night lingering in the light of day. Yet probably no almanac in the world has such a sale as that of Zadkiel, the famous London astrologer.

Two of the essays discuss the mystery of the Pyramids, in which the author severely criticizes the sort of religion which Piazzi Smyth founds upon them, and claims that they were structures for casting the nativities of the Pharoahs. An interesting account of the famous lunar hoax of 1835, purporting to be an account of the discovery of inhabitants in the moon; the latest facts in astronomy with no respect to the sun, moon, and comets; and interesting papers on astronomical myths, paradoxes, the origin of the constellation-figures, Swedenborg's visions of other worlds, etc., are also given. Mr. Proctor has a singular faculty for making the obscure plain, but he makes an excessive use of one word which mars his otherwise admirable style; that is the word "bizarre" which occurs in almost everything he writes.

Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher. By the Rev. GILBERT HAVEN and Hon. THOS. RUSSELL. 12mo., pp. 445. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.50.

For over forty years, "Father Taylor" was one of the most notable men, and his seamen's Bethel one of the most notable institutions of Boston. He has been sketched by such accomplished writers as Harriet Martineau, Charles Dickens, Frederic a Bremer, and Mrs. Jamieson; and in him Gilbert Haven found a congenial theme for his graphic pen. The Sailor Preacher was a most extraordinary man. Brought up before the mast, he was five-and-twenty before he learned to read. But he was a genius, a poet, and an orator. He was wonderfully dramatic in his preaching, full of fire and pathos, and swayed his sailor audiences as the winds the sea. He abounded in quaint oddities and queer sayings and figures—of blended wit and wisdom—and the whole was suffused with a passionate love for souls. Few men have been more lovable in their character and at the same time more strikingly original than he. In every port and on every sea the name of Father Taylor causes a glow of sympathy and love to mantle on the cheeks of bronzed veterans—"rough with the salt of the sea, brown with the brand of the sun." His good wife, "Mother Taylor," was a fit helpmate for her eccentric spouse. Their portraits, and engravings of their home and of the Sailor's Bethel grace the volume, which is one of unique and absorbing interest. We shall shortly give from a skilful pen a sketch of this remarkable man.

Calendar of the University of Victoria College, 1881.

The growth and development of this oldest chartered University in the Dominion is a ground of congra-

tulation to all its friends. That growth exhibits another evidence in the bulky calendar of nearly a hundred pages now before us. It is, we think, the only University in the country having fully-equipped departments in Arts, Sciences, Law, Medicine, and Theology. The courses of study in these departments are, we judge, as full and thorough, and the standard of matriculation, as is shown by the specimen examination papers, as high as in any other institution in the country. We congratulate the University on the handsome list of scholarships and prizes announced, and we augur for it a great and growing prosperity in the future.

Young Workers in the Church; or, the Training and Organization of Young People for Christian Activity. By the Rev. T. B. NEELY, A.M. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs, pp. 218. Price, $1.

This is a very timely book on one of the most important of subjects. The future of the world depends upon the training of the young. Could the principles here taught be carried into practice, in ten years the Church would make a mighty stride in advance, and would be a grander aggressive agency than it has ever been in the past. "The young of to-day," says Bishop Simpson, in his admirable introduction to this book, "will be the workers, leaders, and councillors of to-morrow. If the Church neglects them, their interest will be enlisted elsewhere, and their fervour, tact, and ability will be lost to the cause of Christ."

This book is the result of experience, not of mere theory. It discusses wisely such subjects as Church activity a necessity. How to secure the co-operation of the young. Individual and organized effort. Preparation for work. Principles in practice. Words for pastors and for all workers, and kindred topics. We heartily commend the work to pastors, and all others interested in promoting the work of God, especially among the young. Such work blesseth him that gives, and him that takes. It trains up noble, Christian soldiers, and would soon, if general, conquer the world for Christ.

The Problem of Religious Progress. By DANIEL DORCHSTER, D.D. 12 mo., pp. 603. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $2.

Every one who heard, at the Toronto Sunday-school Convention, Dr. Dorchester's brilliant exposition of the accelerated progress of Protestant Christianity during the last 300 years, will be glad to learn that in this volume he has given that demonstration with much more fullness of detail, and with still greater conclusiveness of argument. His book is certainly a complete refutation of the pessimists and croakers who fear that Romanism, infidelity, and other forms of error are growing so fast that they will swamp evangelical orthodoxy. The Doctor, by a careful study of social and religious history, and by an induction from an ample presentation of statistics shows that the progress of Christianity is like that of the sun, growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; that its advance is in a geometrical ratio, with ever accelerating speed; and that the simple calculations of arithmetic confirm the prophethic teachings of Holy Writ, that the day is hastening when the knowledge of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the mighty deep. These conclusions are made still more strikingly apparent to the eye by diagrams, where the lines of the past, if produced into the future, would soon embrace by far the greater portion of the world in the pale of Protestant Christianity.

Gerald: A Story of To-Day. By EMMA LESLIE. 12 mo., pp. 344, illustrated. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.25.

It was a happy idea of Dr. Vincent to induce the accomplished author of the "Church History Stories" to prepare a series of sketches of the

growth of Christianity through the centuries, tracing its development, its conflicts, and its triumphs from age to age. This volume completes the series. It is at once more difficult of execution and of greater interest as a study, because it treats of great movements, tendencies, and events taking place around us. It illustrates the two divergent pathways into one or other of which the young people of to-day are apt to drift—the pathway on the one hand of ecclesiasticism and on the other of scepticism. The book gives an admirable sketch of life at Chautauqua, which will commend it to the sympathies of the ever-widening circle of which that famous assembly is the centre.

Shakespeare's Tragedy of Hamlet, arranged for reading in Schools; with notes by JOHN ANDREW. Pp. 114. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

This is a well annotated edition of the most thoughtful of all of Shakespeare's plays. The notes solve many difficulties which would otherwise puzzle the reader. We are glad that the masterpieces of our own matchless literature are receiving the critical study which has too often been reserved for the dead languages.

The Chrysanthemum. A monthly magazine for Japan and the Far East. Yokohama: Kelly & Co. $2 a year.

It is a striking evidence of the progress of western civilization in Japan, that we can receive, in three weeks from the date of issue, such a well gotten-up magazine devoted to Japanese interests. It contains a good deal of philological criticism and discussion, among the rest an ingenious paper by our Canadian missionary, the Rev. C. S. Eby, B.A., on writing Japanese in Roman letters, with a couple of pages of translated text. It certainly looks more familiar than the queer crow tracks that the Japanese call letters—but it is no more intelligible to our untutored comprehension. Canadian subscriptions to this magazine received at this office.

Thoughts on the Holy Gospels: How they came to be in Manner and Form as they are. By FRANCIS W. UPHAM, LL.D. Pp. 378. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

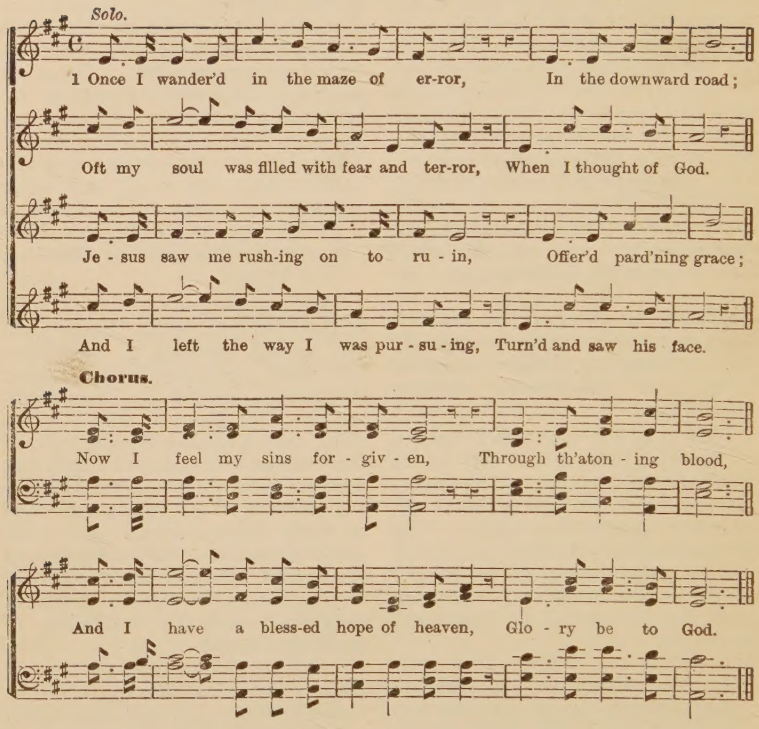
The four Gospels are the citadel of the Christian faith. Upon them the fiercest attacks of scepticism have been made, and here the most triumphant defence has been maintained. Dr. Upham, who is especially well qualified for the task, in this volume discusses the important problem of the genesis of the Gospels—a problem of profoundest interest to every Bible student. We commend these thoughtful chapters to the careful study of all who would thoroughly understand the ground of their faith and the credibility of the Holy Gospels.

Byrne Ransom's Building. By HILLS C. PARDOE. Pp. 208, illustrated. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

This is a wholesome story for boys of much narrative interest, and conveying a sound moral. It treats of the stormy period of the war of 1812–15, and in its patriotic teachings is more adapted for American than for Canadian readers.

All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. W. BRIGGS, and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Toronto.

THE CONTRAST.

As sung by the "Wesleyan Praying Band."

Solo.
1 Once I wander'd in the maze of er-ror, In the downward road;
Oft my soul was filled with fear and ter-ror, When I thought of God.
Je - sus saw me rush-ing on to ru - in, Offer'd pard'ning grace;
And I left the way I was pur - su - ing, Turn'd and saw his face.
Chorus.
Now I feel my sins for - giv - en, Through th'aton - ing blood,
And I have a bless-ed hope of heaven, Glo - ry be to God.

2 I am glad I ever found the Saviour,
Now I'm fully blest;
There are pleasures in his pardoning favour,
Joy, and peace, and rest.
I'm standing on the holy mountain,
Near salvation's pool,
And the waters from the bursting fountain,
Cheer my thirsty soul.

3 I've left earth's vain and fleeting pleasures,
Bade them all adieu;
And I'm seeking now for heavenly treasures,
Lasting, pure, and true.
Glittering toys of time, farewell forever:
To you I'll not bow;
I will leave my blessed Jesus never;
He's my portion now.

4 Though by worldly friends I am forsaken,
Though they oft may sneer,
Yet through grace I will remain unshaken;
God is always near.
I can calmly bear this world's reviling,
While near God I dwell;
If my Saviour looks upon me smiling,
All is going well.

5 I will tell salvation's pleasing story,
While I live below,
And I'll try to spread my Saviour's glory,
Everywhere I go.
When the word is from the Master given,
"Child, from toiling cease,"
I expect to find a home in heaven,
Home of endless peace.